

SPIRIT

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(Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.)

The King.

Loud voice the land hath utter'd forth,
We loudest in the faithful North ;
Our hills rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams send forth a welcoming !
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of our loyalty.

Wordsworth.

THE people of Scotland, we well remember, for the feeling was universal, envied Ireland, when, a year ago, the King was hailed with such enthusiastic acclamation to her shores. With that envy was mingled, perhaps, some slight shade of offended pride ; but there was nothing little or paltry in the whole feeling ; on the contrary, it was generous and just, and such as became the spirit of a bold, free, and ancient nation. It seemed to us, at first, as if our King had sailed away from us in forgetfulness or disparagement of our claims ; and we thought within ourselves, why does he not come to his own Palace of Holyrood, and shew himself on his throne there, in the Royal Halls of his Ancestors ? But our good sense, for which it is said we are as a nation remarkable, soon corrected this impression ; and we all felt that the time would come, and that soon, when we should have occasion to envy no nation on earth, and when King and people would see and be satisfied with each other. That time has come—it is past—and the event, while it has gloriously fulfilled all the hopes of his subjects, has not, we are proud to know, altogether disappointed the expectations of our King.

His Majesty's gracious visit to Ireland was prompted by many fine and noble feelings, but feelings that must have been, in some measure, melancholy and mournful. He went to behold a people distinguished by the wild generosity, and even by the wild grandeur of their character ;—but a people whose history had long been one of violence and distraction, and whose loyalty, fervent and true, was yet mingled in their hearts with many bitter and rankling animosities. There had been deadly hate, even for conscience' sake, between thousands of those hearts which then felt suddenly and strangely united in one passion of devoted attachment to their King. Wounds that had long been bleeding were then for a while staunched, or they bled inwardly ; while in the recklessness of loyal rapture, Erin clasped to her green bosom the Monarch of the Isles. There was something disturbed in the physiognomy of the people, as there was, and long had been, and long will be, something disturbed in their souls. To many, their enthusiasm seemed exaggerated, outrageous, and unnatural. But their King knew better, and the fine feeling, which, by his whole demeanour day after day among them, he shewed

that he possessed of their character and condition, proves that he understands wisely and well that humanity to which in all his glory he of necessity does himself belong, as much as the poorest Irish peasant who came rushing in transport from his miserable cabin to meet the smile of his Monarch. The Irish grasped out of the King's hand the boon of oblivion of all hatred and heart-burning; and feeling themselves in his presence relieved from the burthen of their daily life, they leapt and they danced and they sang, and the million basked as in the dawning sunshine of a millenium. To comprehend the meaning of that madness and delusion of joy, we must reflect on the strange source from which it was stirred up, and remember that transport can suddenly and slowly spring up out of tears, especially if they have been tears of blood, long shed, and then, it was hoped, however erroneously, about to be dried up for ever. Indeed nothing is more striking to a stranger in the Irish character, than the easy, natural, and even graceful union of wild with solemn feelings—of mirth, extravagant and grotesque, with the purest and deepest pathos, and of strange imagery brought from a distance by a capricious fancy, with the homeliest furniture of the heart. In scenes of deepest, darkest, and most dismal distress, there is a wild glimmer of joy over their cabins. The last words of the dying man, even when his soul is devoutly prostrate before God, often retain much of the feeling and phraseology of his reckless life, that might needlessly shock the unreflecting stranger. Mirth and misery are twin-born in those cabins,—are long playmates there,—and, if ever separated, are at all times ready to resume their union.

Were such a people to regulate their conduct, on such an occasion, by dull decorum? No. By them nothing could be felt decorous but the free-flowing tide of their agitated joy. All they had suffered, whether self-inflicted by their own folly, or by the fatal ignorance or wilful blindness of their rulers—was not by tacit, but by thundering consent, in a moment forgotten. "What have our miseries to do with us

now—that our King is in Ireland? What have they to do with *him*? Nothing could have brought him hither but love for us—ay, pride in us"—and that thought was enough to make all Ireland mad, from Portrush to Bantry.

Nor was this altogether a bright ebullition of momentary feeling. No strong passion can ever utterly pass away, except by the power of remorse. But here there was nothing to be ashamed of—nothing of which to repent. A storm of loyal emotion swept over the land; and no doubt it carried off foulness and darkness from many a rebel's heart, not only lending light and room for worthier feelings, but also inspiring the feelings themselves, and giving them thoughts on which to feed and live. What substantial benefit has the King's Visit conferred on Ireland? We answer, there are evils there which the King's Visit was never expected to cure. But if that visit opened the hearts of all the population to a genial and general joy—if they vowed then, and have since, in many instances, proved that their vows were not empty words, to moderate the violence of those party feelings, which, sprung as they are from so deep a source, deserve a better and a nobler name—if, when looking on the face of their King smiling graciously among them, they felt repaid by the joyful burst of their own loyalty for the blood shed to cement his throne—if a strong and life-supporting pride in their national character, with all its powerful imperfections and glorious defects, has been cherished by the voice of the greatest Monarch on earth, who was elated to declare, that he was "in part and heart an Irishman"—if ever such effects as these have been produced, the King's Visit to Ireland was an incalculable blessing to that country. To what extent such effects have been produced, nobody is yet entitled to give an opinion from what is audible or visible. But we know that the Royal Visit was eminently fitted to produce them widely over such a people. We know that the people did at that time lay open their hearts to receive such influence—we know what hearts they have—and therefore we believe that the harvest will be rich, and yet gather-

ed in peace. Of all nations of the earth, the Irish have perhaps most feeling and fancy—these powers seem native and indigenous in Ireland—and events of far less pith and moment than a visit from a King, have excited them lastingly for good or for evil, and made them traceable in lines of light, or of blood, down the long page of their nation's history.

These most imperfect, but we believe, not altogether inapplicable remarks on the state of national feeling in Ireland, produced by the King's Visit, were called forth now by the consideration of the very different circumstances in which we, as a people, have for some centuries been placed. Scotland has long been a calm, quiet, happy, and improving country. We are strong in our deep and placid domestic affections, the stream of which flows undisturbedly on—in our sound, plain, hearty, honest, good, common, or, if you chuse, commonplace sense—in an intelligence of perhaps a higher order than was ever before general among all ranks—in the light of a knowledge strictly practical, yet not found unfriendly either to feeling or fancy—in the proper pride of an educated independence, that knows and keeps to its own sphere of action—in a morality that is frequently even austere, and in a religion that is always simple, solemn, and sublime.—We do not fear to say, that such is our National Character. A loftier and a wiser people are not to be found now upon the earth, nor do the records of any such survive. Scotland has been a country favoured by the Almighty Providence. Seldom now do dark passions gore the bosom of her domestic happiness with the inroads of atrocious crime. We know little by our own experience, of the extremities of agony and guilt. Despair drives not our calm, contented, and cultivated population, into mirthful misery and laughing crime. It is not with them to-day a heaven of sunshine, and to-morrow a hell of gloom. They do not alternate between life and death—grasping and clutching, as they sink or rise, at every mad enjoyment and perilous pleasure, aware in their highest

exultation of its coming overthrow, and comforted in their lowest prostration by the hope of some infatuated and outrageous happiness. As it has been beautifully and truly said, that “ stillest streams do water fairest meadows,” under the calm and undisturbed, and seemingly passionless exterior of the Scottish manners, lies a rich substratum of character, productive of all that adorns and dignifies human life. This is not the poor and pitiful expression of a self-deluding national vanity. It is the opinion expressed by the voice of Europe. Our faults, our defects, our vices, are not unknown to ourselves, and they have not been spared by the sarcasms of other nations. Pity, indeed, it is, that they should be so many, and, in some respects, so unworthy of companionship with those virtues which we know we possess, by the happiness they have spread over Scotland, and by the honour with which they have clothed her in the eyes of every enlightened people. But this is not the time or place even to hint at our national imperfections. We boldly, put our foot on this position—that of intelligence, affection, moral feeling, and religious faith, a model worthy indeed of imitation is now exhibited to the whole world by the people of Scotland.

A nation so enlightened and so happy, is not easily excited to any outward demonstration of feeling. That is not the habit of our hearts. Our people are sedately happy by their firesides—they are sedately happy in their places of worship—it might almost be said, they are sedately happy in domestic festivals—when youth and beauty are united in love, or when a child is born, and new and hallowed hopes spring up like flowers around the poor man's house. They are often sedately happy by the side of the open grave.

If such be the character of life's daily recurring emotions among our people, they will carry much of the same spirit into every situation of rarest interest, and even into pageants and processions; the sober strength of their habitual character will breathe a calmness and a serenity which none but the ignorant may mistake for apathy or in-

difference, and under which lies a bold but regulated spirit of passion.

Our patriotism—our loyalty, is of this character. Almost every Scotchman knows something of the history of his country. Wallace sowed over all our rocks the imperishable seeds of high thoughts and great actions. The marks of his feet are shewn, as if the stone and the flint would retain them for ever, by a patriotic peasantry, to their children going to the ploughed field or to the hill-pasture. Bruce is as fresh a name as if he had lain but a few years in the tomb. We know ourselves to be an unconquered people, and that we fought against the conquerors of the earth—of late—or in old times, Romans and the English. Even our greatest overthrows have been melancholy triumphs—and we fear not, after Bannockburn, to think of Flodden.

But we have no need to look back into distant history for events to justify the pride of our patriotism. Scotland has for ages fought by the side of England, and has not, even in that rivalry, lost any of her ancient renown. Though a small, and not a rich country, she has lent sinews to war, both of gold and steel, and has at all times been prodigal of her blood. Nor has Scotland ever weakly repented of the loss which her best houses have sustained; but although battle has made “lanes through largest families,” the survivors have closed in upon the gap with a spirit of stern and unrepining patriotism, and have acknowledged, that for their common country the sacrifice was but just. In none of those great conflicts, by which liberty had to be saved, was the war-cry of Scotland ever drowned; and her sons who dwelt at home in peace, have shewn that they knew how to cultivate all those arts of civilized life which their compatriots had guarded by arms. When, therefore, their King was about to visit them, they felt that they deserved his presence, and that such a King would be proud to accept the loyal homage of a people, in tranquillity and peace, who had gloriously shewn that they were willing and able to guard him and his throne in danger and in war. His vis-

it, such a nation well knew, was not to be one of cold ceremony, or idle ostentation; but their King, in whose fleets and armies they had fought, and in whose councils, too, many of their wisest spirits had sat, was coming to behold the land from which that valour and that wisdom had sprung, in the calm air and the serene light of hard-earned and glorious repose.

The well-known and fondly-cherished history of our present religious establishment, keeps for ever alive in solemn silence a host of holy recollections. These recollections are all that we ask to consecrate our places of worship. The pure and undefiled faith, which in days of persecution our ancestors guarded with steel, and against which all the tortures of steel were of no avail, either in the field or in the prison, or in the council-chamber of the oppressor, we now guard, in times of toleration, by a reverent spirit that owns no other mode of worship than solemn meditation and humility in the presence of God. That spirit of unostentatious, unadorned, and austere simplicity, has gone deeply into the concerns of our human life. The influence of the Sabbath is not confined to that one single day. The peasantry of Scotland have few other days of rest. But their Saturday night is of itself a milder Sabbath; and all the week through, the mind of the people feels that working hours are gently receding from one kirk-day and advancing to another. When the “big-ha’-Bible” is shut by the hand, its pages are kept open before the heart. Its contents are known to all—young and old. They carry them in their memories even when they know it not; and there are thoughts of as frequent recurrence, and far deeper import, arising in the heart of the lonely labourer, from that book, than from the traditional poetry or history of his native land, (from the noblest part of which, indeed, it can never be divided), when, not “in glory and in joy,” but in contentment and peace, he is

“Following his plough upon the mountain-side.”

Those high and solemn thoughts—of himself as an immortal being—of his

God as a Judge—of his country as the scene of his toils, preparative for heaven, will not easily yield to any other on any day, but not at all on the Sabbath. This we all witnessed, when the King, who, the day before, was hailed from the Palace to the Citadel with successive storms of rising joy from his faithful and devoted subjects, passed through them on the Lord's Day to the place of worship, all standing with heads uncovered, silent and sedate—nothing heard but a kind and general whisper, invoking blessings on his head at the Throne of Mercy, at whose feet he and they were going to bow down together,—for there is no distinction of persons before God.

Happy, contented, and proud of our country, we therefore, as a People, had no boon to beseech from the Royal Hand. He did not come among us to force us, by his graciousness and benignity, to forget for a while what never could be altogether forgotten; no rankling wounds were with us which his touch was to heal; we wished not for oblivion to gather over the past, for it was to our recollection either bright, or serene, or solemn—with the present we were well pleased, and to the future we looked forward with perfect confidence, derived from a thorough knowledge of our progressive prosperity, knowledge, and science. We prayed, therefore, that our King might not come to make us happier, but to see how happy we were—that he might with his own eyes behold the pleasant aspect of a people who were grateful to God for the rank they held among the nations—who knew their own worth—and, knowing it, felt that they had a King of whom Scotland might be proud, and to support whose throne they would bring hands steeled by the labours of a life of freedom, and hearts fearless of man in the fear of God.

When, therefore, it was known certainly that the King was come to Scotland, Scotland and all her hills rejoiced. There was no need to tell her what to feel, or how to behave. It was natural, indeed, that some of her many men of genius should try to express some of those emotions experienced by all men who had hearts. And they

did so. But under the strong power of present passion, genius is borne down to the level of ordinary thought. There is an intensity of homely human feeling that will not give itself vent in measured words; and which, bursting forth from the eyes, and lips, and gestures, according as the most trifling circumstance brings it to an acmé, makes poor the studied expression even of the most brilliant genius. What need was there to put open or concealed engines at work to make Scotsmen give a glorious welcome to their King? Have we no pride in ourselves, in our cities, in our straths, and in our mountains? No power on earth could have suppressed the strong emotion which majestically spread over the whole land. It is not so long since we had a royal line of our own; and Holyrood, though silent and deserted, had never, in our imaginations, been without its Court and its King. We have been forever a loyal people; and in nothing, greatly as we love and admire our English brethren, in nothing have we ever envied them but the possession of their own Monarch in their own metropolis. Old times, we felt, were about to be revived. The vision of our dreams was to be brightly realized before our waking eyes; and a King, with Scottish blood in his veins, and as nobly adorned with kingly accomplishments as our own James I. himself, was about to grace the Halls of his Ancestors, while the royal standard floated in its pomp over the most magnificent city of his empire. We deserve no credit for such feelings; for they come up from the pride of our hearts, and, thinking on our country, we hailed our King.

As the day drew near on which it was hoped his ship might be seen in the horizon from some of the magnificent heights around our city, the national feeling can be described fitly by no other word than—Enthusiasm. We had all of us calmly contemplated the event at hand—had viewed it in all its bright and solemn lights,—and thought that we should all receive our King with that due mixture of emotion and calmness becoming a grave and thinking people. But our hearts misgave us at the first peal of thunder from the

Castle Hill ; and when all the city knew that the King's ship was in the Frith, it was seen that we are not that philosophic people we sometimes are proud to suppose ; and that nowhere else does a deeper, more reverent, passionate and imaginative spirit of loyalty exist, than in Scotland.

It had been known from the first that the King was to confine his visit to Edinburgh. Edinburgh, therefore, was now indeed a striking city. All the nobility of Scotland—all her gentry—the strength of her peasantry—and thousands on thousands of her artisans from her many flourishing towns, all poured into the metropolis. Every countenance was happy ; every figure was becoming apparelled ; every action of the immense crowd was, even in the utmost fervour of their excitation, decent,—we had almost said dignified,—as if the poorest in the crowd had felt a respect for himself, and determined, as if the eye of Majesty was to single him out in the throng, to demean himself with spirit and propriety before his King.

Edinburgh, during this season of the year, is deserted by many of its first inhabitants ; but now the stream of life was heard louder than it ever had been since it was a city. It must have been interesting to the least observant, to walk the long, wide, spacious streets. One saw passing along, old men with weather-beaten faces, and sometimes silvery hairs, that spoke, in language not to be misunderstood, of the hail-blasts of the hills,—men come from afar, from the dwellings of poverty, but not of want,—with intelligent countenances and stately steps, unbowed by age, such as at one look we knew feared God and honoured the King. Here, was to be seen the bright faced and wondering peasant-boy from the country school, now for a few holidays shut up ; and there some ancient grandam, leading in her hand her children's children, that they might tell in their distant valleys, that they had seen the King. Here walked men who appeared to have served their country many long years ago, and who now forgot its real or imagined gratitude in that loyalty which made them scorn their

wounds received in youth, and which now makes them proud of them in their old age. In no other country is there a greater variety of original character than in our own. The rich and the poor are often connected by fine and almost imperceptible gradations ; and where the first men in the land are often sprung from the bosom of the people, there is a pride of worth and successful talent, which claims and receives equality with the pride of birth and hereditary rank. The minister of religion, famous for eloquence, or venerable for piety, is not ashamed, but proud to walk by the side of his humble parents, who live in their own retired cot-house. He who has commanded armies or navies, honours the grey hairs of his peasant father ; and the merchant, whose aid government may have required in the day of need, does not forget the poor men of his native village. On such a great occasion, when the honour of the country was concerned, no man was forgetful of his own ; and that could not be better preserved than by guarding all the sanctities of life from forgetfulness or shame, and shewing Scotland as it was, "*in cute et intus.*" The collected people were therefore, though a variegated, yet an harmonious mass,—and there was as much nationality displayed by the lower as the higher orders, while to an eye that knew how to look on it, the whole was amalgamated by a spirit of respectful attachment and pride. To those who had not leisure or inclination to study in detail, the whole mass together was animating, beautiful, and magnificent.

The King did not arrive for some days after he had been expected, so that the spirit of friendship, as well as loyalty, had time to be breathed into, and to circulate thro' the loyal assemblage. Friends from the most distant parts of the kingdom, recognised each other ; a constant greeting and grasping of hands was seen on the streets ; there was a feast, or a festival, or a rehearsal, in every house ; and there could not be a better preparation of heart, mind, and soul, for the reception of a King, than the joyous, exhilarating, and unrestrained intercourse of friendship and social

glee, that now prevailed among so many of his subjects.

Soon as the King's vessel was seen in the Frith, it was felt that he was in Scotland. Many thousand eyes were fixed upon it from the hills, and from many a lofty range of building, whose windows, unthought of in that aerial wilderness of the "Old Town," command, one and all of them, perhaps the noblest prospect in the world. All the signals had been published over the city, by which the people were to be instructed of their Sovereign's movements; and every ear was open to hear the Castle guns, but the day was decidedly overcast; and the King's entrance into such a city was not, if possible, to be under a cloud. So we were told that the King was not to land—and in a few seconds his resolution was known to three hundred thousand people. All felt that his resolution was right, and there was but one wish—one prayer among all the vast multitude that to-morrow's sun would come forth like a giant from the sea, and do justice to Edina, the city of palaces, with her Castle, and her cliffs, and her pillared Hill, and the mountains of the old Heroic British King.

Never was a bolder, brighter, more beautiful day, than that "to-morrow." The high blue arch of heaven girdled the city, with here and there a palace-like pile of clouds.—There was a strong, fresh, sea-borne gale, to wave the royal standard, and all the many thousand flags that brightened upon mast and tower and rock. The mighty multitude seemed all grateful for such a day,—and every countenance smiled as it looked up to the sun. The Castle told, in a voice of thunder, that the King was in his barge, and that in a few minutes his feet would be on the soil of Scotland. Another gun told that Scotland contained her King; and the shout of gratulation had now begun on the shores of Leith, that was to be prolonged, without intermission, like an accompanying river of sound, till Scotland's King had slowly proceeded through miles of his devoted subjects to the Palace of Holyrood, now about to be awakened from the

dull sleep of ages, and to renew the glory of her old estate.

It is not very easy for our English brethren, loyal as they are, to understand the full force of our feelings on such an occasion. They have the King constantly living among them, and the Royal Residence ever before their sight. But we, who had once our own monarchs, feel now that the throne is afar off, and many thoughts must now sleep that of old were broad awake and astir through the land. True, we are all one people, and, like a column, stronger, because not all composed of one single stone. But national remembrances are immortal among a free people,—and Scotland did not know how well she could love her King, till she beheld him beneath her own skies, and moving along her own earth. Then, indeed, it was felt that he was *our* King, and that Scotland was still a kingdom. To have seen him in London would have been nothing—but now England herself was forgotten, and we had our Sovereign to ourselves, our King in our own Palace. There may be something delusive in all this—but the delusion is a lofty one; and without imagination there can be neither loyalty nor patriotism.

There is nothing finer in Europe than Leith-Walk, as an approach to a city. It leads up straight, broad, bold, free, and majestic, to the metropolis of Scotland. From many heights, and, indeed from most parts of its own gentle elevation, its whole length is visible at once. It is delightfully enclosed by gardens, broken in upon here and there by single houses, and sometimes by the commencement of new streets, that make one feel how much beauty must be sacrificed and swallowed up by a great city stretching itself out on all sides, and to be arrested only at last by the sea. Up this magnificent approach advanced the King. The head of the procession was thus seen from a great distance, and the accompanying agitation of the people's joy. The hearts of the whole population leapt to their mouths with shouts that shook the clouds, and their eyes shone like fire whenever the King appeared. The

Procession came on slowly, serenely, solemnly, majestically, magnificently, with now and then the note of a trumpet, and now and then the wild Highland music, heard faintly through the shouts of the multitude. Sometimes the shouting seemed to ebb, and then again, as the King approached some new part of the mighty living mass of loyalty, it flowed again, and seemed as if let loose like peals of thunder, doubled and redoubled.

The scene at the barrier was truly grand. Something was to be said and done; and there fell a calm, almost a dead, motionless silence, over all the multitude. The various openings-up into Edinburgh, from the great breadth of Leith Walk, are here truly metropolitan. The mass of life here was prodigious. The Calton was covered; so that literally a mountain of living beings was overshadowing the peopled streets. The moment the ceremony of delivering the keys was over, and the King and the procession moved on, then the shouting and the waving were repeated, as if with fresh passion from the pause, and the joyous spectacle moved up into the city. Nothing could exceed, nothing could equal, the graceful and dignified demeanour and deportment of the King. But it was also much better than graceful and dignified; for it was manifestly charged with emotion. He looked up, and about, and around, with an expression of true kingly pride, satisfaction and love; and a smile more certainly indicative of a noble soul, never beamed on the face of Majesty. As the Procession neared, the imagination of all who had never seen their King before was at work. But when he had passed by, the appeal was made directly to their hearts, and cold, dull, and palsied in every string must that heart have been, that leapt not, nor beat, nor fluttered on that day. "God bless him—God bless him!"—was fervently ejaculated by a people who love not to take, or hear taken, that name in vain; and there was every thing expressed in that short emphatic prayer, that a good and great King, could have desired from his fellow-men,—every thing prayed for that he could hope from his God.

On such a day, every one regretted that he could not be present every where, and was afraid that what he necessarily lost might have been the best part of the whole. We had our own station near the Barrier, but as soon as the procession moved up York-Place, we were carried along with the rushing crowd to Waterloo-Bridge, and found ourselves, almost without any effort of our own, on the side of the Calton-Hill. Holyrood was below our feet; and while we looked at the old grey solitary Palace, we felt the tears in our eyes.—A person of the class of artizans stood by our side. He had witnessed the landing at Leith, and had followed the procession—in view all the way of the King. With strong natural eloquence he described the beautiful and animated appearance of the harbour, where every vessel had her yards manned to hail the King; and he spoke of their huzzas, that, as he said, seemed to be circling round the clouds, with that enthusiasm which is felt by every native of our island towards them "whose march is over the mountain wave, whose home is on the deep." But our conversation was soon stopt;—for at the time we were speaking, our eyes were towards that magnificent vista, stretching from Nelson's Pillar to St. John's Chapel; and first we heard the voice of trumpets, and then the Procession came once more beautifully before our eyes. We were by this time somewhat accustomed to the sight, and gazed on it with sublime delight. We had a wish now to mark the various, rich, and gorgeous dresses of the Personages who figured in the Pageant—dukes, earls, barons, knights, and squires—a-foot or on steeds prancing beneath burnished harnessing and cloth of gold. From them our eyes turned reluctantly away, but were delighted to fall on troops of our own yeomanry, the flower of the Scottish youth, a force that is felt to be, as it were, half military, half civil, and appropriately preceding the King, in this his peaceful triumph.—Then came marching along, to their wild native music, chieftains and clans—the descendants of those heroic and loyal warriors, who true to their Prince, within less than a hundred

years ago had pierced with their claymores into the very heart of England. They were now conducting their lawful—their hereditary Prince, down to Holyrood—and a fine spirit it was in that Prince that demanded their presence, and enjoyed the tossing of their plumes, their warlike and stormy music, and the varied splendour of the garb of Old Gaul. Calm, composed and terrible, in that calmness and composure, came on Scotland's gallant Greys—"ces terribles chevaux gris," while many of their swords now shone in the sun, that, on the day of Waterloo, had their radiance quenched in blood. There and so attended in his state, once more appeared OUR KING. With their graceful bonnets ornamented by the eagle-plume—light airy ruffs, from which each countenance looked out with spirit and animation—their raiment of the tartan-green, and their bows cutting the sky—lightly walked the archers alongside of their King—and gave a picturesque and airy beauty to the gorgeous and massive character of the Procession. The mountain sent forth a joyful shout, loud and long, as the King went slowly by—and there seemed a pleasant wonder and admiration in his countenance, at the sight and sound of this sudden and unsuspected new world of life and loyalty. Just then a nobleman with him pointed to Holyrood—the King gazed with evident emotion on the old venerable Pile—the Procession descended the hill, and drew up before the gates.

The King entered the Palace of his Ancestors to the thunder of cannon from the castle and Arthur's Seat, that shook the walls from turret to foundation-stone.

The enthusiasm of this auspicious day had its causes deep in the character and situation of the country; and, therefore, so far from dying away during the King's stay, it certainly grew brighter and bolder up to the very day of his departure. One other magnificent scene there was, akin to that of his Entrance—his Progress to the Castle, with the Regalia borne before him in state. It was delightful to observe the feeling that prevailed during that Pro-

gress. The greatest part of the multitude had witnessed the Landing or the Entrance, and therefore the character of the whole Scene was calmer and more collected. It was not so tumultuously joyful as on the first great day, but gladness, cheerfulness, pleasure, and joy, animated the whole street from the Palace to the Castle. The inhabitants were now assembled to see their King moving throughout the whole extent of their City, along that picturesque glen of ancient edifices, that in days of old had beheld many a royal procession. It seemed as if our King had indeed fixed his Court at Holyrood, and was making himself familiarly acquainted with the glories of his metropolis. His subjects now hailed him from the windows of their dwellings; and the fair daughters of Scotland, conspicuous there, and on platforms and balconies, gazed down upon the chariot of the King, from stations immediately above the level of that long ascending street, up almost to the very sky. Nothing could be more irregularly and splendidly beautiful as a spectacle; and perhaps the very dullness and dimness of a doubtful day long struggling ineffectually against rainy clouds, was not without its favourable effect on the strange character of the scene. A few glimpses of sunlight now and then broke out, and these the multitude seized on to brighten up suddenly into joyful exhilaration—so that when the King, almost unhopd for, at last appeared, nothing could be grander than the instantaneous diffusion of that unexpected joy. The procession wore this day more of a warlike air, and nobly ascended the Castle-hill, to shouts blended with military music, and scarcely overcome by the thunder of the cannon. In a few minutes after the Procession had arranged itself on the Castle-Hill, the King appeared on the half-moon battery—his figure distinct against the sky—and, waving his hat three times round his head, was answered by a shout whose echoes were heard from Salisbury cliff, through the mist that shrouded, but not wholly hid from his view, the widely-confused magnificence of the City.

We shall not, however, attempt now to give a narrative of all our gracious Monarch's appearances among his people. We have been desirous merely to give those who were not present during any time of the Royal Visit some slight idea of the beauty and grandeur of the scene wherever the King shewed himself to his subjects, and the little we have now said may suffice for that purpose. All Scotland felt that the affection of all ranks was increasing and deepening towards the King every day; and that he left his ancient kingdom with regret, he delicately declared by the mode of his departure. He paid a visit to the superb mansion of one of our most distinguished noblemen, Lord Hopeton, and thence embarking, it may be said, privately, on board his yacht, sailed away, carrying with him the blessings of all his admiring and devoted subjects. * * *

Thus, then, was the King received in the Capital by the PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND. Every day, during his visit, crowds were pouring out and into the city. From her distant coasts, from her remotest isles, and from all her central solitudes, Scotland sent her children forth to behold her King. The loyal spirit penetrated alike into palace, mansion, cottage, hut, and shieling; and if the hearts of all his people, mechanics, artizans, labourers, peasants, shepherds, and herdsmen, brought loyalty to the King, they did also most assuredly carry it back, warmed and invigorated, to every lane in all the towns of Scotland, and to every nook among all her hills. The country of Ossian, and the country of Burns, do not contain a heartless nor an unimaginative race. They did not leave their homes to gaze on a senseless pageant. Their hearts, that burned within them, demanded to see the King. The honour of Old Scotland was at stake, and if love and loyalty, strong as life, could sustain it, they felt that it would not be lost. Under kings had they lived since they were a nation; and every thing great and venerable in this remembrance, was allied with those heroes whose blood now flowed in the veins of him to whom they hurried to do homage.

We have already said, that the visit of our King to Scotland was to shew that he loved us, and to gratify our loyal love to him and his race. Both objects were most happily accomplished. We shewed our feelings towards him in a joy that, though vehement and rapturous, never exceeded those bounds of respectful attachment by which an enlightened people are linked to the line of their hereditary kings. Order and subordination at all times prevailed, not under the marshalling of men in office, but spread and preserved by that rational loyalty which was to itself a law. There was at all times a feeling of brotherhood throughout the mighty multitude; and kindness, amity, and good-will towards one another, were graceful, and noble, and national accompaniments to our love to our King. The benignity and benevolence of his nature, expressed in eye, smile, gesture, word, and in all his acts towards all, diffused its own spirit over every heart, brought out the better parts of every man's character, free from prejudice or disguise, that now would have been felt both weak and wicked, and inspired every true son of Scotland with such emotions as were felt to be honourable to himself, his country, and his King.

Were we speaking of our own Scotland alone, we should not dare to say more than we have already said of what we have been told are the feelings towards us of our gracious King. But he has now seen all his THREE GREAT NATIONS. Long have they struggled in a great cause, and none of them have ever failed at need, or disappointed the highest hopes of a Monarch ambitious to rescue freedom from ambition. Each nation has its own peculiar character formed through many long ages, dim and disastrous, or bright and happy. That character is not dubiously expressed in their manners, their actions, their institutions, and their establishments. It stands boldly out, and the contrast gives depth of shade and brilliancy of colour to them all. None but a magnanimous mind could understand the sovereignty of such realms, or enjoy such magnificent sway. Such a mind belongs to

our King; and none better than he can appreciate the power he possesses in their virtues, their genius and their religion. In that Union of the Three Great Kingdoms, we are contented with our own equal share of honour; and proud and happy shall we be to know, that, as the blood of England, Ireland, and Scotland, has been poured out in one mingled stream on the field of victorious battle, and as their genius has equally, though variously, excelled in the bowers of peace, so have they all an equal place in their Monarch's inner spirit, as around their Monarch's throne.

Hitherto we have spoken of those emotions which were awakened towards the King in the hearts of a people, who saw before them a personage distinguished by many regal accomplishments and virtues, and who was the descendant of their own old Monarchs. But Scotland cherishes towards George the Fourth other feelings that blend well with those we have now so imperfectly described. Under his reign, Britain has risen glorious among and over all the kingdoms of the earth. She at last conquered peace, and became arbiter among nations. If we had had a feeble or a fearful King, at this hour all of us must have been slaves. Since the Tyrant could not sink our island into the sea, he would fain have confined us within its rocky bounds, and, had he durst, come to put chains upon our necks. But an heroic Father and an heroic Son were given by God in dark and dangerous times to reign over an heroic people. This is felt now throughout all the land. And in such a land, where no virtue can reach its growth, unless under the shelter of an unyielding spirit, the King, who was sworn to his own soul to lose his throne rather than sit upon it with the sacrifice of the national honour, shall, when living, be honoured, and, when dead, shall be blessed. When, for the first time, such a King appeared among a people who long battled for their own independence, they felt as if they saw one of their heroes of old, and they hailed him with all the highest passions that ennoble the souls of the free. But for

him, Scotsmen might have been slaves. Therefore, never shall one Scottish heart cease, while it fears God, to honour such a King. Forbid it, that while dwelling on such thoughts, we should recal to mind, adverse and jarring councils—the measures or the men—that, if followed and trusted, would have caused the name of Britain to be blotted out from the list of Free States. We are satisfied to forget them all, and to look to the great and glorious Event. But the people of Scotland have shewn what they feel towards their King, for his heroic policy; and the King has now seen with his eyes, what he knew in his noble heart, that, should the time ever come when that heroic policy must be again pursued, Scotland will again rise up in all her power, and shew that, happy as she has been during these peaceful pageants, War is her delight when liberty can be guarded only by the sword.

Since the dark days, when those desperate struggles were forced upon a united people, who felt within themselves that they had the powers fit to bring them to a glorious termination, our true resources, instead of having been drained, have been fed continually at the spring. We hear of exhaustion, at the very hour when the whole nation is full of animal, moral, and intellectual life. We hear of decay, when not one twig is withered on the old stem of British liberty. If there were indeed exhaustion, we should see the dry places. If there were decay, we should remember, in sickness and fever, the shelter and the shade once afforded by our old establishments. But what is the truth? over all the land are arising schools of education, and the houses of religious worship. Within the last twenty years the British mind, always of large dimensions, has reached even to a gigantic growth. We have fed our highest passions on danger, and have drawn wisdom from the breast of adversity. There is nothing dwindled, attenuated, or starved, in the frame of our minds, any more than in that of our bodies. We are the same manly race as ever, come to the maturity of our prime—and we can, in assured fortitude, smile even upon the terrific tri-

als through which we have passed, and which once did, without reproach, make the spirits of the very boldest quail. Our genius is richer, our passions are stronger, in the calm that has succeeded the storm—and our character is built upon foundations that may have seemed once to shake, but that have been proved, by the shocks of dire experience, to have been laid below the reach of that superficial earthquake.

Above all knowledge, is that of understanding ourselves; and the people who have not only survived when surrounded by ruins, but who can calmly say, that, under Providence, they owe

their preservation to their own firmness, may well look forward to every convulsion that may be destined for them to sustain, with unquaking confidence and holy trust. If long years of peace are to be ours, we possess the virtues that will adorn and dignify them; if the tempest of war is brewing to overcast our country, we possess the virtues that will enable us to walk through the gloom, and ultimately, we devoutly hope, to re-appear, as now, in the attitude of liberty, and in the air of national happiness. With these hopes, and with that trust, we now exclaim, **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH THE NETHERLANDS TO PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS, &c.

(Literary Gazette.)

THE pen of Lady Blesinton is, like herself, so graceful and charming that the oldest and sourest of critics may feel an unwonted delight in turning from harsher duties to pay his compliments to so fair and so agreeable a writer. To us it affords a holiday feeling to push from us the ponderous quartos and solid octavos with which our table is ramparted, and, though as it were entrenched in books, to forget them in this little volume, and accompany its amiable author on her simple Tour. It is obvious that more must depend upon the manner than the matter in the traveller's details on a route so frequently described: of this Lady B. seems to have been perfectly aware, for she says in her prefix:—

“The ground has been trod over and written over again and again; and the names of Brussels and Paris are now ‘familiar to men’s mouths:’ but different travellers observe different objects; and the reader will find the book, like the journey, is short, and though it may afford but little amusement or instruction, it will, at all events, not occupy much of his time.”

Without following her ladyship from stage to stage, from Cassel to Tournay, or from Tournay to Brussels, we will

stop* wherever we find her remarks most interesting; and from these illustrate her journal. Thus, at Waterloo, we are told the following anecdotes, which are new to us—

“We stopped half an hour at La Hay Sainte, and saw the gate where the French entered; it has been pierced by shots, and opens into an orchard. The farm-house has been repaired, and is now in good order; it has several marks in the walls where the shots entered, and we were shewn a small dark room underneath the stairs, where an old woman remained during the attack; and, on being afterwards questioned as to whether she felt much alarmed, she declared that, not feeling at all interested about any of the parties engaged, it was a matter of indifference to her who was successful. This was indeed being a philosopher.”

“The chateau (of Hougmont, or Groumont,) is a complete ruin, but

* From this resolution we proscribe the town of Ath, of which her Ladyship humorously says: “This is an inconsiderable place, with a wretched inn, dirty beyond all description, the beds infested with fleas, and the landlord most exorbitant in his charges; this suggested the following.

“Who’er comes here must hope for little ease,
By day the landlord bites, by night the fleas.”

bears the traces of having been a good house, and of considerable extent ; it was inclosed in a square with the offices and house forming three sides of it, and a gate at each side. We were shewn the chapel, the doors and floors of which were burnt ; and this furnished the superstitious natives with a miracle which they record with seeming delight. A large crucifix was placed over the door, the feet resting on the door-frame ; when the flames reached the feet they immediately expired, though all the wood-work around was consumed."

The observations on such scenes display great ingenuousness, and a delightful mind, to which nothing, not even Brussels, can be common-place. For example, at Brussels—

"Friday, Sept. 21.—Took a tour of the churches, several of which are fine Gothic buildings, and richly decorated with pictures, carvings, and statues. It is painful to see these fine old buildings disfigured by gaudily dressed images of saints and angels. The dresses are, I understand, presented by devotees, and their zeal is estimated according to the richness of the habiliments which they present. I think, in walking round one of these cathedrals, and examining the dresses of the virgins and saints, a person might form some opinion of the characters of the donors, according to the dresses presented ; for instance, some of the virgins are adorned in so coquettish a style, as evidently bespeaks the dress to have been presented by an experienced coquette ; others are arrayed in sombre garments, that indicate the giver to have been an old woman disgusted with the vanity of the world. I might enumerate many more, such as the gay tinsel drapery presented by some flighty, flashy young dame ; and the simple white dress, adorned only with flowers, which imagination pictured to be the gift of some pure unsophisticated maiden, who would have liked to array herself in a similar habit."

In Paris the contemplation of the cemetery of Père La Chaise leads to thoughts equally just—

"The French only could have thought of decorating the last sad earthly home, as this is adorned ; nothing can be more incongruous ; every sort, size, and shape of monument, from the pyramid of Egypt in miniature to the ornamented Gothic chapel, all are jumbled together in the strangest confusion. Here we have a sarcophagus supported by sphinxes, while next to it a Greek cross of delicate proportion rears its modest front. Several of the monuments have recesses in them, which are filled with baskets of artificial flowers covered over with glass, and almost all are adorned by garlands of flowers, moss, or beads, while many have beds of flowers, rose-trees, and flowering shrubs planted round them. The place is thickly planted with cypress, poplars, and other trees, and several walks are formed in it. The mixture of frivolity and sentiment visible in this asylum of the dead must impress itself strongly on the mind of an English person, and is no bad epitome of the French character.

"Here the ruling passion is strikingly evident ; and I confess I have so much of the natural John Bull feeling, about me, that I would prefer having my grave in the most secluded sombre spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable, sentimental Père La Chaise. The beautiful monument of the unfortunate lovers Heloise and Abelard is removed to this cemetery, and wretchedly placed in a corner, near the wall that incloses the ground. Surely, if 'in the ashes glowed their wonted fires,' they would doubly glow at the situation and society in which they are now placed.

"It is the custom to pay a certain sum for the ground, which is generally bought at so many years' purchase. The general period is fifty years, and at the expiration of that time it is broken up, and disposed of again. The tomb-stones generally bear inscriptions specifying the length of time for which they are to stand. Reading these inscriptions suggested the following lines :

Reader, this grave for fifty years is mine,
But when my term is up, it may be thine.

Thus the epitaph answers the double purpose of honouring the dead, and of

offering the tenement to a future customer."

The only effusions of Lady B's sentiments with which we cannot accord, are those of extreme sympathy for the late Ruler of France. On this point her usual sound judgment appears to forsake her, and she surrenders her head too entirely to her heart. How much more correct are the following thoughts, suggested by a show of mummies brought from Egypt by M. Durant. We transcribe the account entire, as well for these as for its own curiosity—

"Monsieur Thedenet Durant is the son of the French consul at Alexandria, and has but lately returned from Egypt with this collection, which is offered for sale to the French government. It consists of several mummies in perfect preservation, inclosed in different cases, finely painted. The number of cases is according to the rank of the deceased, and some have had five, all painted with the most vivid colours, and highly varnished. The outward case is shaped like a very large coffin, the interior and exterior are painted in hieroglyphics and ciphers. A large lid fits on this case, on which is painted a human figure, similar to those generally painted on mummies, surrounded by hieroglyphics and ciphers. The mummies are wrapped in cerecloth, bound round with hempen cords.

"Monsieur Durant showed us six heads belonging to mummies that he had opened, which are in a most wonderful state of preservation. They were black and quite dry like parchment, and had a considerable portion of hair, which did not appear at all discoloured. That of one was of a bright brown, glossy, and intermixed with a few grey hairs; the eye-brows and lashes were quite perfect, as were the nose, eye-lids, and lips; the teeth and tongue of one of the mummies were undecayed. The countenance of each appeared as different as when alive, and all the peculiarities preserved. One of the heads bore a strong likeness to the Duke of Wellington, and the Baron Denon remarked that another of them resembled Volney. A part of the spine was attached to the heads.

How wonderful is it to witness these remains of mortality in such a state of preservation, after they have been inhumed above 2000 years! How great must have been the pains bestowed in embalming, and to what an astonishing degree of perfection must the Egyptians have brought it! They seem to have waged war with that ruthless destroyer Time, and in all their works have aimed at baffling his power.—Their pyramids, their colossal statues, their art of embalming, all tended to this point; and certainly they have outlived the works of all other nations. If the friends who were so anxious to preserve the mummies which I this day saw, could have foreseen that the pains they were bestowing to give durability to mouldering clay would be the very means of tempting the curious to plunder the tombs, and to remove the dead from their last sanctuary into foreign lands, to be exposed alike to careless beholders and curious speculators, it may be doubted whether they would not have preferred leaving the frail clay of their friends to mingle with its kindred dust in their native country.

"On looking at those dead of a distant era, I was carried back to the days when they were first consigned to the tomb. I looked at each poor face, and thought of the hearts that ached on taking leave of it for the last time. I thought how many times the lineaments of each countenance had been recalled to the memory of some surviving friend; while now those faces are viewed with careless indifference, or as mere objects of curiosity. Oh! who would wish to give durability to the loved dead on such conditions! Sooner than have my poor remains exposed to strangers, I would have them consigned to the most humble grave, with quicklime to accelerate their decomposition. We were shown a chemise belonging to a mummy, made of a transparent sort of saffron-coloured calico; it was in good repair, and the seams were sewed in the same manner as at the present day.

"The large cases of the mummies were filled with very small vases, lamps, clay figures, finely coloured, and covered with hieroglyphics and rings of

different kinds. These, I suppose, were votive offerings from the friends of the dead, and were ranged along each side of the mummy in regular rows. Monsieur Durant presented me with a very curious little ring, made of clay, and of a bright Turquoise colour, that exactly fits me; so that I now wear a ring that has been above 2000 years buried, and that probably once adorned the finger of some Egyptian lady.

"Monsieur Durant's collection is very fine, and far surpasses any that I have seen in England; but it gives me pleasure to hear him say that a much finer collection is now ready to be shipped from Alexandria for England by the British Consul, and designed for the British Museum."

At Compeigne, the magnificence of the palace enchanted and surprised Lady B.—and it must be owned that sumptuousness and luxury were never carried beyond the pitch which they reached in some of Buonaparte's residences. To recapitulate the articles in which this style of ornament was displayed, could give but a faint idea of its splendour; and we rather for the sake of our female friends, copy our author's notice of the art of Brussels Lace making—

"We went to the lace manufactory, and saw some beautiful specimens.—The progress of making it is curious, and it requires seven years to perfect the lace-makers in their profession. A lace of a good width is joined in seven or eight places, as the net or ground is made in narrow strips, which are joined together according to the width the lace is required to be. The border or sprigs are then sewed on, and the work is divided as follows:—One woman makes the ground, another joins it, a third makes the sprigs, and a fourth sews them on the ground-work.

"The pattern of the lace is neatly chalked on a blue paper, on which the ground-work is pinned, and the sprigs and border sewed on over the proper pattern, in the same manner muslin is embroidered in England."

Her Ladyship's taste for the Fine Arts is distinctly shown in her description of a statue recently brought to the Louvre—it is called the *Venus of Mi-*

los, which graceful statue is nearly eight feet high, and was lately brought from the island of Milos, where it was discovered but a short time ago.

"A young man who had been sent by the French Literary Institution to travel, passing through the Island of Milos, saw some peasants excavating, and, on inquiring, was informed that they expected to find some piece of sculpture. He told them he should return to the same place that evening, and that if they found any thing worth purchasing he would be the buyer. On returning, he found that they had just dug up this lovely statue, which he bought and sent to the French ambassador at Constantinople; by him it was presented to the king, who has sent it to the Louvre, where it forms at present the chief attraction.

"This statue stands with the left foot advanced forward, and the right hip projecting. The left foot only is shewn which is very finely modelled. The neck is of exquisite beauty; and the chest, although it shews a little too much of the anatomy of the form, is well modelled. The bosom is small, but well shaped; the right breast is compressed by the upper part of the arm, which rather impairs its beauty. Both arms are broken off from the thick part of the upper arm; but from the position of the parts that remain, I should conclude that they were originally in an extended posture, as there is no trace of their ever having touched any part of the figure. The waist is rather clumsy, and the stomach large. The lower part is covered with drapery, finely executed. The hips are full and gracefully turned. The face is dignified, and full of calm abstracted loveliness. The hair is dressed *a la Grecque*, with a part turning in to the back of the neck. Part of the nose is modern, but all the rest of the features are perfect. The appearance of the statue is highly interesting, and cannot fail to strike all beholders with admiration."

Her Ladyship also speaks in terms of amateur warmth of other specimens of art, and at Baron Denon's says, "I must not omit the exquisite cast of the elegant little hand of Pauline, the sister

of Napoleon, which in shape and size surpasses every thing I ever saw or imagined."

Upon this subject the judgment ought to be decisive; for we, great admirers of beautiful hands in sculpture, and still greater lovers of them in nature, have seen few which could compare with those of Pauline's eulogist. Her Ladyship is equally liberal in her praise of Mademoiselle Mars the actress, but we are a little at a loss to understand her concluding period—

"She is no less charming in playing sentimental comedy; her smile is indescribable, full of meaning and archness; her eyes are very fine and expressive, and her voice is music itself. She is altogether the most fascinating actress I ever beheld, and looks much younger and handsomer than when I saw her six years ago, though she was then reported to be forty-five years old; she is a second Ninon De L'Enclos, and, I trust, like her, will retain her powers of fascination for thirty

years to come. Were I a man I should think it necessary to beware the ides of Mars."

The Rob Roy steam-packet restored Lady B. to that native land which she is so well formed to adorn. The voyage across was tempestuous, but she braved the deck, and to this resolution we are indebted for the following touching lines—

Is there, O Lord, in this dread hour,
One stubborn heart that doubts thy power;
When nought but clouds and waves appear,
And howling tempests fright the ear?

Death seems on yon huge wave to ride,
And threat'ning mounts the vessel's side;
While yawns beneath the green abyss,
And round the foaming surges hiss.

But thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Thy mandate can bid dangers fly;
This soothing hope my spirit cheers,
And quick dispels my rising fears."

We shall only add that this Tour is just such a book as a lady ought to write, and an honour to its accomplished author.

FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude.—*Love for Love.*

MOST of our book collectors are familiar with — *The Voïyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Knight, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem, and marvayles of Inde*; and it is well known that this bold seeker, and fearless assertor, of incredible adventures, left England in 1322; visited Tartary about half a century after Marco Polo; religiously declined marrying the Soldan of Egypt's daughter, because he would not renounce Christianity; and after wandering for thirty-four years through the realms of Inde, and being long reputed dead, returned to publish his Adventures, scrupulously qualifying his most astounding relations with some such words as these:—*thei seyne, or men seyne, but I have not sene it.* The original English MS. is in the Cotton Library, but the reader, on referring to the Tatler, No. 254, will be amused with Addison's pretended discovery of these writings, and the pleasant fiction of "the

freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which Sir John made in the territories of Nova Zembla."

Although the name of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the Mandeville of Portugal, has passed into a bye-word in England, being commonly used as a paraphrase for mendacity, little or nothing is known of his history or travels; and as his strange work is not now of common occurrence, I propose to translate, for the benefit of your readers, such occasional passages as most amusingly illustrate his circumstantial exaggerations, all of which he narrates as an eye-witness; and thus at the same time exemplify the credulity of an age which was content to receive such marvels as authentic records. His first chapter is a short biographical sketch of his life, before embarking for India, probably the most veracious portion of the whole narrative, and I shall therefore give it as nearly as possible in his own words, using only the privi-

lege of abridgment.—“ Whenever I reflect on my continual struggles, troubles, and anxiety, since my very infancy, I feel great reason to reproach Fortune, as if her glory were only founded upon her cruelty : but when I call to mind my manifold perils and trials in the Indies—that it has pleased God to relieve me from the persecution of the blind Fury—to preserve my life, and place me safe in port, where I may leave to my children, for memorial and inheritance, this rude and imperfect work, I feel how grateful I ought to be to the Giver of all mercies. I write for my children, that they may know the wonderful hazards I encountered in twenty-one years, having been thirteen times captive, and seventeen times sold to the Indians and savages of Ethiopia, Arabia Felix, China, Tartary, Madagascar, Sumatra, and many other kingdoms and states of that oriental Archipelago, at the extremity of Asia, which the Chinese, Siamese, Gueos, and Luquinese justly term the eye-lids of the world, and of which I shall hereafter more fully treat ; whereby they may learn what is to be effected by courage, fortitude, and perseverance, in every pinch and extremity of Fate. Thanking God, therefore, for his singular favours, and owning all my sufferings to be the consequences of my sins, I take for the beginning of my work the time that I passed in Portugal, where I lived till I was ten or twelve years old, in the misery and poverty of my father’s house, in the town of Monte Mor Uelho ; when an uncle, desirous of promoting my fortune, and withdrawing me from the blind indulgence of my mother, carried me to Lisbon, and placed me in the service of an illustrious and wealthy lady. This happened on St. Lucy’s day, the 13th of December, 1521, the same on which they celebrated the funeral ceremony of our late king, Don Emanuel, of happy memory, which is the very earliest thing I can recollect. After having been one year and a half in the service of this lady, an affair occurred which placed my life in instant jeopardy ; so that to escape from death I left her house in all haste, being so

bewildered, and overcome with terror, that I knew not whither I fled, until I arrived at the Port de Pedra, and beheld a galley loading with horses for Setuval, where the king, Don John the Third, whom God absolve, then held his court, on account of the great plague with which many parts of the kingdom were infested. Embarking in this galley, I sailed the next day ; but, alas ! no sooner were we fairly out at sea than we were attacked by a French corsair, who, unexpectedly boarding us with fifteen or twenty men, carried our vessel. After having stripped and pillaged us, they took out our cargo, with 6000 ducats, and then scuttled and sunk the galley, so that out of our crew of seventeen not one escaped slavery. As they were freighted with arms for the Mahometans, they bound us hand and foot, intending to sell us for slaves in Barbary ; but at the end of thirteen days it pleased Fortune that, about sunset, they discovered a ship, to which they gave chase all night, following in their track, like old corsairs accustomed to such brigandage, and running alongside towards day-break, they fired three guns and boarded her, killing six Portuguese and ten or twelve slaves.

“ It proved to be a large and goodly vessel belonging to a Portuguese merchant, called Sylvestre Godinho, coming from St. Thomas’s, with a great quantity of sugar and slaves, worth 40,000 ducats ; so that having now such a rich booty, the corsairs abandoned their plan of going to Barbary, and set sail for the coast of France, taking with them as slaves such of our crew as were capable of assisting them in their navigation. As for me, and the others who remained, they landed us by night at a place called Melides, where we remained all miserably naked, and covered with wounds from the blows and lashes we had received. In this pitiable state we arrived next morning at St. James de Caçen, and here our sufferings were relieved, principally by a lady named Donna Beatrix, daughter of Count Villanova ; when, after being cured of our wounds, we all betook ourselves whithersoever we thought we might best mend our

fortunes. For my part, poor as I was, I wandered with six or seven companions in misery to Setuval, where good fortune instantly placed me in the service of Francisco de Faria, a gentleman in the household of the grand commander of St. James, who, in reward of four years' service, gave me to the aforesaid commander, to act as chamberlain, which I did for eighteen months. But as the wages then paid were insufficient for my support, necessity compelled me to quit him, though I availed myself of his influence to obtain permission for embarking to the Indies, being resolved to try my fortune in the East, and submit to whatever good or ill fate might be reserved for me in those unknown and remote countries."

On the 11th of March, 1537, our traveller set sail with a fleet of five ships, and arrived safely at Mozambique, whence they were ordered by the governor to proceed to Diu, as he was in daily expectation of the armies of the Grand Turk, to avenge the loss of Sultan Bandar, King of Cambay, whom the said governor had put to death the year before.—On their passage from Diu to the Straits of Mecca, they were audaciously attacked by a pirate of inferior force, upon whom, however, they retaliated with such destructive effect, that all the crew, consisting of eighty, were killed or drowned, with the exception of five, whom they made prisoners. One of these was the captain, who, upon being put to the torture, confessed that he was a renegado Christian, having been born at Cedenha, but that becoming enamoured of a beautiful Greek Mahometan, he had renounced Christianity and married her. Earnest and friendly proposals were made to him to abandon his errors, and resume the Catholic faith; all of which he resisted with the most unshaken obstinacy and resolution. "Whereupon," says our traveller, "the captain infallibly concluding that this abandoned miscreant was not to be won from his blindness and heresy, in not believing the thrice holy Catholic faith, became suddenly inspired with such a lively zeal and vehement love of God, that he tied him

neck and heels, and having attached a large stone to his neck, cast him into the sea, where the wretch now shares the torments of his Mahomet, and keeps him company in the other world for having been his disciple in this."

Giving this extract as a short specimen of the more authentic, or, at least, the more credible portion of his narrative, I shall cite a few equally brief passages, illustrative of those marvellous statements, and stupendous assertions, which have occasioned the name of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto to be generally mentioned with the complimentary cognomen of "the Liar."

It will hardly be expected that any summary or analysis of his book should be attempted, when the reader is informed, that it consists of 229 closely printed chapters, into which we shall therefore only dip hap-hazard, as if consulting the Virgilian lots, and leave the result to declare its own auguries. And here it is at least consolatory, that we are never deluded by hearsay, nor fobbed off, as in the case of Sir John Maundevile, with—"thei seyne—or men seyne, but I have not sene it;" for honest Pinto is very properly scrupulous upon these points, and scorns to be satisfied with any thing less than ocular demonstration. It is true, that both himself and the captain of the vessel, Antonio de Faria, did occasionally entertain very grave doubts as to the marvellous averments of their Chinese pilot, Similau, who disdained any other reply to their injurious suspicions than forthwith to carry his vessel into the very thick and centre of the wonders he had described, and submit them to the evidence of their seven senses.—Opening the ponderous tome at a venture, we seem to be poaching upon the manor of Bishop Pontoppidan, expecting with every line to catch a kraken, such is the abundance of large fishes and other sea-game with which we are instantly environed. Even our traveller, accustomed as he was to portentous spectacles, acknowledges that he was somewhat startled at the sight.—"We arrived at length at a port called Buxiphalem, in the 49th degree north, where we saw an infinity of fishes and serpents, of such strange forms, that I can

hardly describe them without terror. In this place we beheld some in the form of ray fish, which we called *Peixes Mantas*, above four fathoms in circumference, with a muzzle like an ox; others like enormous lizards, spotted black and green, having three rows of bristles on the back, extremely sharp, and as thick as an arrow, with others all over the body, though not so thick. These fish occasionally bristle up like porcupines, which renders them very dreadful to behold. They have a very black and pointed snout, with sharp teeth, a foot and a half long, issuing from the jaws, like the tusks of a wild boar, which the Chinese call *Puchissu-choens*. Here also we saw another sort, having the whole body extremely black, like the fish we call the Miller's Thumb, but so prodigiously large, that the head alone is six paces across, and when they extend their fins in the water they appear a fathom broad. I shall pass over in silence the innumerable other species we saw, as being foreign to my subject—suffice it say, that during the two nights we passed in this spot we never thought ourselves in safety, on account of the lizards, whales, fish, and serpents by which we were surrounded; especially as we heard such a constant hissing, flapping, and neighing of sea-horses, which abound in these parts, that words cannot describe the uproar.”—Chap. 71.

In the very next chapter we encounter a race of giants, whom subsequent travellers thought proper to transplant to Patagonia, whence, however, they have been ejected by more accurate navigators; and these lofty specimens of humanity threaten to become extinct, unless revived by some voyager not less *splendidè mendax* than the subject of our article.—In the absence of the American sea-serpent, and the mermaid discovered in the Hebrides, of which a circumstantial account generally runs through the papers every two or three years, we may put forward the following narrative, which it is not improbable suggested to Swift the first idea of the Brobdingnagians.

“Continuing our voyage, both by rowing and sailing, and turning our prow according to the serpentine course

of the river, we arrived next morning before a very high mountain called *Botinafau*, whence ran many rivers of fresh water. In this mountain there was a quantity of tigers, rhinoceroses, lions, ounces, and other wild beasts, which, leaping and crying, by reason of their natural ferocity, made a cruel war upon the weaker animals, such as stags, wild-boars, monkeys, baboons, apes, wolves, and foxes, which we contemplated for a long time with wonderful pleasure, occasionally shouting all at once to frighten them, whereat they were little alarmed, not being accustomed to the pursuit of hunters. On leaving this mountain we encountered another, not less wild and savage, called *Gangitanou*, beyond which all the country is very rugged, and almost inaccessible. Similau informed us, that certain men, *Gigauhos*, dwelt at the foot of this place, who were of enormous size, living like brutes upon the spoils of the chase, or upon the rice which the Chinese merchants brought them from Catan, and bartered with them for furs. He assured us that more than 200,000 skins were annually exported, which the Chinese consumed for the lining of winter robes, carpeting, and counterpanes. Antonio de Faria, much astonished at this, but still more at the stature of these *Gigauhos*, begged the pilot to procure him the sight of one, assuring him, that it would be more gratifying to him than to possess all the treasures of China; to which Similau replied,—‘Signor Captain, as I see that this is essential, both to preserve my credit with you, and to impose silence upon those who murmur and make mockery of me when I relate things which they consider so many fables; in order that by one truth they may judge of another, I swear to you, that before sunset you shall see a couple of these people, and speak to them, on condition that you do not go ashore as you have hitherto done, for fear any misfortune should happen; for I assure you that these *Gigauhos* are naturally so brutal and fierce, that they live upon flesh and blood like the beasts of the forest.’ Among the thick trees and wild mountains that inclosed us as we advanced,

there was such an infinite number of apes, monkeys, foxes, wolves, stags, wild boars, and similar animals, that they encumbered and impeded one another, making such a loud noise that we could not hear ourselves speak, which amused us for some time ; until, upon turning a point of land, we saw a young boy, without any beard, driving before him six or seven cows which had been pasturing thereabout.

“ Similau having made signs to him he immediately stopped, and when we had gained the bank where he was, Similau showed him a piece of green taffeta, whereof these savages are immoderately fond. Upon asking him by signs whether he would buy it, he replied with a voice very much broken, *Quiteu—parau—fau, fau*—words which we could not understand. Antonio de Faria then commanded that three or four yards of this taffeta should be given to him, as well as six pieces of china, which the savage having taken one after another, he appeared transported with joy, and cried out—*Pur pacam pochyl pilaca lunangue doreu*, which we could no more comprehend than the preceding. Leaving his cows by the river, he then ran off into the woods, being clothed in the skin of a tiger, his feet and arms naked, his head uncovered, and having no other weapon than a stick burnt at the end. As to his height, by what we could guess, it was above seven feet and a half ; but we were much astonished when, in a quarter of an hour after, he returned bearing upon his shoulders a live stag, and accompanied by thirteen people, eight men and five women, who led with them three cows, and danced together at the sound of a drum, on which from time to time, they struck five times, then clapped their hands, and cried, *Cur cur hinau falem*. All these people, both male and female, were clothed exactly alike, except that the women wore large tin bracelets on the middle of their arms, and had much longer hair than the men, which they decorated with flowers. They had also round their necks chains of red shells, as large as oyster shells. All of them had a very savage look, with thick lips, flat noses, large nostrils, and the rest of the body enormous,

though not so much so as we had imagined ; for Antonio de Faria, having caused them to be measured, found that the tallest did not exceed eight feet in height, excepting an old man, who was nearly six inches more. As to the women, they were hardly seven and a half feet high ; and to judge by their looks, I should deem them very coarse and gross, and less reasonable than any people we have ever encountered. Antonio de Faria, highly gratified that we had not come there for nothing, gave them sixty pieces of china, a piece of green taffeta, and a basket full of pepper, whereat they were so delighted, that throwing themselves upon the ground, and lifting their hands to heaven, they all said at once, *Vumguahileu opunguapau lapaon, lapaon, lapaon*, which we took for expressions of gratitude and thanks.”—Chap. 72.

Our next dip into this marvellous tome conveys us to the city of Pekin, in China, which he introduces to us with a candid and ingenuous profession of his own simplicity and truth, that ought to disarm criticism, and procure him implicit credence from all those who are not incurably sceptical, or needlessly disposed to cavil at the following relation, made, it must be remembered, by an eye witness.

“ As my design in writing this book is solely to bequeath it to my children, as an alphabet wherein they may trace my labours and travels, I care little about the form and style of its composition ; for it appears to me much better to leave these things to nature, and simply so describe matters as I saw them, without amusing myself with hyperboles or circumlocutions. I shall therefore proceed to state, that the city of Pekin is situated forty-one degrees north ; being, according to some thirty, and according to others, fifty leagues in circumference, but the latter estimate includes the suburbs. On the inside the walls are lined with fine porcelain, and decorated with painted lions and gilt banners. It contains five hundred large palaces, called houses of the Son of the Sun, where are maintained all those soldiers who have been wounded in the king’s service, generally amounting to about a hundred thousand in

number. We saw a very long street, with low houses, where resided twenty-four thousand watermen, the king's rowers; and another of the same construction a full league long, where there were fourteen thousand cooks belonging to the court; and a third of similar form, where we beheld an infinity of women of the town, who are exempted from the tribute paid by the regular courtesans. In this quarter also dwell all the washerwomen, amounting, as we were told, to more than a hundred thousand; and in the same enclosure, are thirteen hundred noble and sumptuous houses, some of them containing a thousand people, for the religious of both sexes. We saw also a good number of houses having large gardens attached to them, and even thick woods, stocked with game and deer of all sorts." Chap. 104.—In fact, the wonders they saw were so manifold and bewildering, that the poor man says it would be impossible to enumerate them at that time, although he would certainly resume the subject, and give a more detailed account upon some future occasion; a pledge which he shortly after redeems with the following touching expression of his regret that he should have committed himself to so difficult a task.

"This city of Pekin, of which I have promised to speak more fully, is so prodigious, and the sights to be seen therein so remarkable, that I almost repent my undertaking, which, to say the truth, I hardly know how to set about; for we are not to suppose that it is such a city as Rome, Constantinople, Venice, Paris, London, Seville, or Lisbon; nor that any European city, however populous and famous, can be compared with it. Neither can any of the celebrated places beyond the confines of Europe pretend to rival it in its stupendous buildings, excessive riches, wonderful abundance, innumerable population, its great commerce, and infinite vessels; its courts of peace, justice, government, and other institutions. By the chronicles of the king of China, it appears that this city is thirty leagues in circumference, without reckoning the suburbs, in which latter are many astonishing things, whereon I might enlarge if I

thought proper. It is enclosed with a double wall of hewn stone, of great thickness, with three hundred and sixty gates, each having a barbican of two very high towers, surrounded by ditches, over which there is a draw-bridge. At each gate is an officer, with four halberdiers, who are obliged to give an account of every thing that enters or passes out. Within these walls are three thousand eight hundred pagodas or temples, where are continually sacrificed a great number of birds and beasts, all wild, which they hold to be a more acceptable offering than the tame ones, according to the assertion of their priests, who thus pass upon them a great abuse for an article of faith. This city has moreover twelve hundred canals, made by the kings and people of former days, which are three fathoms deep and twelve broad, traversing the streets in every direction, over which are bridges built upon arcades, with columns at each end, and benches for the passengers. Four fairs every day are held in the different quarters, where we saw an immense abundance of silks, brocades, cloth of gold, linen and cotton goods, skins of martens and ermines, musk, aloes, fine porcelain, gold and silver plate, pearls, gold in ingots and dust, and such like articles, whereat we were all much astonished. I should want words were I to attempt a description of the quantities of the other things, such as metals of all sorts, coral, cornelian, crystal, quicksilver, vermillion, ivory, cloves, nutmegs, mace, ginger, tamarisks, cinnamon, pepper, cardamoms, borax, flower of honey, sandal, sugar, fruits, conserves, venison, fish, flesh, and fowl, as well as fruits and vegetables in every variety. There are one hundred and sixty meat markets, not only provided with the customary flesh, but with that of horses, buffaloes, the rhinoceros, tigers, lions, dogs, mules, asses, chamois, otters, and zebras, every sort being eaten in this country. There are also immense cellars filled with hams, smoked meats, pigs, boars, and birds of every description; all which I only record to show how liberally God has supplied the wants of these poor blind infidels, in order that his name may be glorified forever."

THE PHYSICIAN, NO. II.—ON SLEEP.

(New Monthly, October.)

THE different powers which set the machine of the human body in motion may be divided into two principal classes; since some of them may be compared with those animate vegetables, while others are peculiar to animals alone. The faculties of digestion and of the elaboration of the alimentary juices; those which circulate these juices in the blood-vessels; those which secrete from them other fluids for our nourishment and preservation; and those which expel the superfluous matters, belong alike to vegetables and animals. In every healthy individual these vessels perform their functions without interruption from the beginning to the end of life: the suspension of any of them is a disease; the cessation of all, death.

The locomotive powers, which give us as animals an advantage over vegetables; such as receive their impulse from the feelings and conceptions of the soul; those of voluntary action; and all the faculties of the external senses, are of a totally different kind. After they have continued their operations a short time they begin to tire, and in a few hours become so exhausted, that their most obvious effects cease, though the movements of the first kind continue. The state in which we then are is called sleep. It is, therefore, an exclusive property of animal bodies; the sleep attributed to plants being an improper expression, founded on a slight analogy.

Since all the mechanical powers of animals are determined as well by the structure of the body, as by a certain sensibility which animates the whole machine; we may easily conceive that in sleep those faculties also which we possess in common with vegetables undergo a change, and that these too, according as they operate in various ways, and exert or waste the animal powers more or less, must promote, disturb, or prevent sleep.

Sleep, therefore, is in reality the repose of animated nature, the time in which it recruits its exhausted powers.

The human body has often been compared with a watch: I should say, that the mechanical nature, or the vegetable life of animals, is like a perpetual motion, which, when once set going, continues to act till the machine itself is so worn out as to be unsusceptible of repair. The animal nature, on the other hand, resembles a watch, which must be wound up at least once in twenty-four hours; and this winding up is sleep.

It is a law of Nature that animals must sleep; and if I may so express myself, the more they are animals—the more animal their nature—the more evident symptoms of actual sleep we find in them. The insects, which have scarcely any brain, seem rather to rest only, or to be rendered torpid by cold, than really to sleep. In the latitude of Hudson's Bay, Ellis found on board his ship masses of congregated flies, and on the banks of the rivers frogs frozen as hard as ice: on removing them to a warmer place, they recovered feeling and life: but if they were afterwards frozen, they could not be again recovered. It is obvious that this state was more like torpor than regular sleep. Man, on the other hand, cannot keep awake twenty-four successive hours without difficulty, and without involuntarily falling asleep. Most quadrupeds resemble him in this particular; but among the various species of them we observe great differences in regard to the necessity of sleep. In like manner there are various kinds of clocks, some of which require winding up every twelve hours, others every week, others again every month, and others at still longer intervals. Thus the swallows, on the approach of winter, retire to caverns and morasses, where they sleep for five months together, till the return of warm weather. Such, too, is the case of the frogs; and serpents also have been found in winter in subterraneous holes. The tortoise, during that season, burrows the deeper into the sand, the colder it is; and lives in this torpid state, excluded from the air, till

called forth by the warmth of spring. Even the fishes, in severe frost, bury themselves in the mud, and there pass their state of torpidity. The bear, the badger, and the marmot, lie the whole winter in holes, and it is related of the last, that it will not wake even when wounded with knives. This animal repairs, at the beginning of winter, to a hole which is the hereditary abode of a whole family of marmots from generation to generation. It first collects a quantity of hay, with which each individual of the family prepares a bed for itself. When they are all assembled, they close up the entrance to their retreat, lay themselves down, and sleep so profoundly that, as we are assured, they may be taken up and carried away without waking. It is said that, for a fortnight previously to its long sleep, this animal eats nothing, but drinks only, in order to cleanse its stomach, otherwise the food, by remaining in it so long, might become putrid; and it lies with its snout close to its belly, lest by respiration it should lose too much of its moisture. Thus each animal has its peculiar wants; and to such as would scarcely be able to find subsistence in winter, Nature has given bodies that require a six-months sleep, during which they need neither food nor drink. The bears have the precaution to gorge themselves against winter to such a degree, as if they meant to eat enough to last them all their lives. They go into winter-quarters with their hides distended with superfluous fat; and waste away during the period of their sleep in such a manner that in spring they come forth again mere skeletons.

It is a fortunate circumstance for those persons who love to improve their minds and are fond of useful employment, that we are not subject to such protracted sleep, but can make shift with a few hours' repose. I have heard, indeed, of the Seven Sleepers, and of Epimenides the Cretan, who, when a boy, went into a cave, where he fell asleep, and is said not to have awoken for forty-seven or fifty-seven years: a story which the apostle Paul had in his view, when he called the Cretans "liars," and some other hard names. My

readers need not be informed what credit is due to these tales. At the same time we are not authorized to consider them as absolutely impossible; since many able men who have maturely weighed the matter, do not think it in itself totally unreasonable. Boerhaave admits that he discredits the story of the Seven Sleepers; but he adds, "I nevertheless believe that people may live a long time without meat or drink: for, when they are once completely subdued by sleep, the pores close, and they may then live a long while before they are awakened by the slow and gradual waste to which they are subject. Haller remarks, that the Turks have a similar fable concerning giants who have slept for a great length of time, and praises an idea of Reaumur's concerning this suspension of food and life. This great naturalist has demonstrated that the eggs of animals and insects, as well as the nymphs of caterpillars, may be kept merely by means of cold and the absence of exciting causes for years together before they are developed, and that the vital principle is nevertheless not extinguished, since the animals produced by the application of warmth from these eggs and nymphs are as brisk, and live as long as they would have done without this delay. On this foundation the great Maupertius constructed a system for prolonging human life; and who knows but the plan may be some time or other carried into execution? I have no doubt of it for my part, if we can depend on the accuracy of the observation communicated by M. Bouguer, concerning a species of serpent in Peru, which, after being suspended to the branch of a tree or in a chimney, till quite dry, may be revived ten or twelve years afterwards, if left for some days in muddy water exposed to the sun's rays. We are so little enlightened in respect to such matters, that it may be deemed nearly as bold to laugh at this story as to give it implicit belief.

Be this, however, as it will, so much is certain, that we ordinary folks, who are neither Seven Sleepers nor Cretans, have no occasion to imitate the marmots, but that a sleep of a few hours is sufficient to recruit our lost strength,

and to fit us for a new life of sixteen or eighteen hours. Corporeal fatigue, mental exertion, profound meditation, nay time itself, weaken our animal powers, and consume the vital spirits which are indispensably necessary for all the occupations both of body and mind. I could relate to my readers how these effects are accounted for in the medical schools; but when I consider that after I had done, they would be just as wise as at first, I will spare them the explanation, and give in its stead a few useful rules how to turn sleep to the benefit of their health. So much they know, that we cannot live without sleep; that we sleep because we are weary; that we possess new strength when we wake, and hence it is to be inferred that the object of sleep consists merely in the recruiting of our strength. Well, we physicians also know just so much, and no more: for all that we conjecture beyond this is of no farther use than to relieve us from the disgrace of acknowledging our ignorance.

It is not a matter of indifference to health where we sleep. In many houses the bed-rooms are those which are found unfit for any other purposes. The poor frequently sleep in holes, where they have not so much room and air as a dog that is chained in his kennel. Many people in good circumstances have bed-chambers which are so small, dark, and dirty, that they would be ashamed to show them. This is an important error in the conduct of life. As we commonly spend a third part of the twenty-four hours in our bed-rooms, it behoves us to take all possible care that we may enjoy pure air for so long an interval, especially as we cannot well renew it in the night-time. To this end we ought never to sleep in the apartments in which we live during the day, but choose for a bed-chamber a spacious room exposed to the sun, that can be opened in the day for the admission of pure air and the dispersion of the vapours collected in the night. The beds should often be shaken up, and these as well as the bed-clothes exposed in the day to the sun and air. It is necessary to observe these rules if we would secure ourselves from the effects of a vitiated atmosphere.

Night is the best time for sleep. It is more quiet than the day; and it is then better for us to be in bed than up, because the warmth of the bed protects us from the cold and damps of night. It is also advisable to retire to rest before midnight. It is proverbially said, and with truth, that the soundest and most wholesome sleep is that which we obtain before twelve o'clock. If we remain up too long, we waste too much of our strength; hence result certain movements in the blood, which are a kind of consuming fever. The least degree of fever in the blood is well known to occasion restless sleep; and therefore it is never advisable to defer it till after midnight. It should farther be observed, that the occupations which we follow late at night are seldom conducive to health. We sit down either to read or write, and for so unhealthy a posture as sitting, the day is quite long enough, without our devoting to it part of the night also; or to study, and thus waste still more the animal powers which sleep ought to recruit and renew; or to feasting, by which we pamper a part at the expense of the whole, forgetting that sleep is the best feast of the animal nature. For the same reason I cannot approve of dancing at night, though it has this advantage over other nocturnal amusements, that it keeps up the transpiration which the cold of night is otherwise liable to check. As we ought daily to comply with the instinct which impels us to eat and drink for our nourishment, so we ought also to feed and to refresh the animal nature with sleep, and not suffer it to fast beyond the proper time.

Great heat, severe exertion either of body or mind, and hearty meals, sometimes dispose us to sleep in the day. It has been a subject of frequent discussion, whether sleep after dinner be wholesome or not. There can be no doubt that it is, when we feel heavy and disposed to sleep. Boerhaave was once of opinion that sleep after dinner is pernicious, and that the school of Salerno was in the right to proscribe it, and on the contrary to recommend bodily exercise after meals; but when he considered that all the animals, after appeasing the cravings of appetite, give

themselves up to repose, and that the due digestion of food requires not only a large proportion of vital spirits, but also the easy and unrestrained movement of the abdomen, to neither of which bodily exercise conduces; he changed his opinion, and with Hippocrates, Galen, and other eminent physicians, recommended bodily exercise before dinner, and a nap after it, with Felix Plater. The latter celebrated physician once attended a meeting of his colleagues, at which this question was debated. Every one condemned the practice, when Plater rose: "I am now seventy years of age," said he; "I have always taken my nap after dinner, and have never been ill in my life." Who could advance any thing against such an argument?

It is an important question, how long a person ought to sleep. Too long sleep overloads, too short stints the animal nature. The best sleep should continue no longer than till we are satisfied with it. A lively disposition does not require so much sleep as a phlegmatic temperament. We often hear people complain that they cannot sleep at night, who are nevertheless hearty and lively during the day, and who merely err in going to bed too early and lying too long. They retire to rest, perhaps, at ten o'clock, and awake at three or four. Conceiving that to sleep well they ought to sleep the whole night through, they call that restlessness which is but the effect of vivacity. They do not require longer sleep. Their force is recruited in a few hours; after which they ought to rise, anticipate the sun, and pursue their occupations. The same is the case with the indolent, whose head and hands are alike unemployed. For them it were better that the day were twice as long, or that they made no difference between day and night. They should lie down when they are sleepy, and rise as soon as they awake, and fall to some kind of work or other. I know a person who has by this method relieved himself from sleepless nights. He rose as soon as he awoke, be the hour what it would; employed himself for an hour, or till he grew sleepy, then lay down

again, and slept till morning. In a short time he could sleep the whole night through, especially after taking bodily exercise in the day. Sanctorius observed, that a person who sleeps from eight to ten hours, transpires but little in the first five. In the three following the transpiration increases, and he becomes lighter in weight as well as in feeling. In a longer continuance of sleep the transpiration again diminishes. The blood gradually circulates more slowly. He feels chilly, and the limbs become heavy. Instead of acquiring new strength, he is oppressed with a lassitude which makes him more and more sleepy, and against which Sanctorius recommends bodily exercise and strong excitement of the passions. Unless recourse can be had to these aids, such a person is in danger of the fate which befel a doctor of physic, of whom Boerhaave makes mention. Having conceived a notion that it was conducive to health to sleep a great deal, he went to bed in a dark and quiet place, and slept several days. When he awakened, he was much more ignorant than he had been before. He again resigned himself to sleep; and on awaking, he was a perfect idiot. Hence it is necessary to beware of sleeping too long. Nature herself in general prevents us from falling into the contrary extreme. These impulses must not be obstinately resisted, or we incur the risk of insanity. In this manner the fowler stupifies the falcon that he is about to train. He prevents it from sleeping for a certain time, and this breaks the spirit of the bird to such a degree, that its instructor can make it do whatever he pleases.

The position of the body in sleep is likewise of some consequence. The head ought not to be too low, and there should be nothing to obstruct the free movement of the chest and abdomen. For this reason all night clothes ought to be loose. The body ought to be equally covered, and none of the limbs should be in such a posture as to keep the muscles in action. If you fall asleep with your hands clasped, you find on awaking that your fingers are dead and have no feeling. If you lie with cross-

ed legs, they either contract that sensation which is called being asleep, or you get the cramp in them. It is hurtful to sleep much sitting in a chair; for if the legs hang down they are apt to be swollen in the morning, and if they are laid upon another chair, this position compresses the abdomen. Some maintain that it is best to lie on the right side, that the heart may move with greater freedom. The most rational course in this particular is for each individual to be guided by his own feelings, and to change his posture accordingly. Neither the light of day, nor even moonlight, should be permitted to fall upon the eyes during sleep; otherwise they are liable to a dry burning heat in the day-time, and frequently to inflammation.

Every one would be glad to know by what means sleep may be promoted; for nothing is more unpleasant than to be weary and yet have to wait for sleep. The best method is fatigue, either by bodily or mental labour, and this is not the lot of the great, but of the humble and of the slave. Who but recollects the soliloquy to this effect, which Shakspeare has put into the lips of Henry IV.? That of his valiant successor, though less poetical perhaps, for which reason it has not been so often quoted, is equally to the point:

" I know 'tis not the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farsed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of the world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
----- who, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium.

Henry V. act iv. scene 1.

There are other means of promoting sleep, most of which, however, ought only to be known to be avoided. Corpulent persons are, almost without exception, disposed to profound sleep, which may more justly be regarded as the forerunner of apoplexy than the invigorator of animal life. Dionysius, the corpulent tyrant of Heraclea, slept so

soundly, that to awake him it was necessary to thrust pins through the fat into his flesh. Apoplexy at length carries off such drowsy persons, and as their sleep was an image of death, so death in them exactly resembles sleep. Too long watching also tends to promote an unnatural drowsiness. Soldiers, after passing several nights without sleep during sieges, have been known to be so overpowered as to fall asleep on the batteries amid the thunder of bombs and cannon. Persons who have been cruelly prevented from sleeping for several weeks, have, after the seventh week, become so insensible, as not to be roused from their stupor when beaten ever so severely. The well-known soporific medicines, it is true, occasion sleep; but it is so restless and unnatural, that it ought rather to be termed a disease than wholesome rest. This effect is produced not only by opium and preparations from it, but by various plants; for instance, the different species of henbane, nightshade, &c., the use of which should of course be avoided. In Italy there is a kind of lettuce, which, if eaten, occasions a mortal sleep. In India there is a herb, called there *dutroa*, but in the Maldiv Islands *moetol*, bearing a round green-spotted pod, full of small seeds. Wild sage, *herminum*, makes people drowsy who remain long on a spot where it grows in abundance; and it is well known that a stupor seizes those who sleep where beans are in blossom, or in a room where lilies are placed. Upon the whole, it is pernicious to sleep in an atmosphere impregnated with strong odours. They confuse the head, injure the olfactory nerves, and cause headach and dizziness.

On this occasion it may not be amiss to warn the reader against the introduction of the vapour of coal or charcoal into bed-chambers. It produces restless and unrefreshing sleep, heaviness, stupor, nay, even death itself, according to the degree of its strength. For this reason I cannot approve the practice of warming beds with burning coals; for which purpose bottles of hot water are to be preferred. Care should also be taken to keep bed-rooms well ventilated and free from damp and hu-

midity. Hence they should face the sun, and not on the ground-floor of the house. Cold in the head, and loss of hearing, are frequent complaints with persons who sleep in damp close rooms. Among the surest and most innocent means of promoting sleep, I can recommend wine and tobacco; but both must be used with moderation. A slight degree of exhilaration is soon succeeded by drowsiness. These means and employment are sufficient to produce wholesome sleep; but at the same time we must avoid whatever is liable to disturb it, and among other things too pro-

fuse suppers, by which the stomach is overloaded. I should nevertheless not dissuade healthy persons, who are accustomed to the practice, from eating moderate suppers; for fasting also is found to prevent sleep. It is a bad habit to drink tea, coffee, or a great quantity of any thin beverage before retiring to rest: these things only defeat the object of those who are obliged to invite slumber. They will be much more likely to attain their end by drinking a glass or two of wine, smoking a pipe, and reading a few pages of some dull poet.

(European Magazine.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER III.

Sir Charles Darnley to the Marquis de Vermont.

MY DEAR DE VERMONT,

HAVING now completed my first *quinzième Angloise à Paris*,* I proceed to give you an account of what I have seen and heard, with all the deliberate wisdom of an experienced traveller. I really have been whirled about with such rapidity from one kind of amusement to another, and have been offered pleasure in such a diversity of forms, that I feel quite bewildered, and know not how to arrange my thoughts, and still less how to communicate them.

I have, of course, visited the galleries of the Louvre—been presented to your good king—dined with our ambassador—lounged in the gardens of the Tuilleries—eaten ice at the coffee-house on the Boulevard—had my pocket picked in the Palais Royal—admired Mademoiselle Mars at the Theatre François—seen the grand ballet at the Opera House—drank punch at the Café des mille Colonnes, and ogled the pretty and bedizened bar-maid—sporting my cabriolet in the Bois de Boulogne—dined at Roberts’—attended the sittings of the Corps Legislatif, and the gambling table of the too celebrated Salon;

* Alluding to a novel so called; in which the follies of an Englishman, committed during a fortnight’s stay at Paris, are ridiculed.

Paris. and, after losing some hundred pounds at the latter, have been consoled with an invitation to dine with M. Le Marquis de L—, on Thursday next, who does the honours of a weekly banquet, the expenses of which are paid by your virtuous government, in order to support an establishment so calculated to improve the morals of the people. All these scenes are so well known to our countrymen, that were I writing even to an Englishman, I should think it superfluous to describe them: it would be ridiculous to make the attempt in addressing myself to a native, who has so long been the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the French capital; I shall content myself, therefore, with one remark,—that wherever I go, I am astonished at the prevalence of gravity and silence, where I expected nothing but gaiety and noise. In viewing the remaining treasures of the town, I meet crowds of Parisian amateurs, contemplating these master-pieces of art with all the solemnity of professional critics; and without giving vent, by a single expression, to the admiration which these objects necessarily excite. At your theatrical performances of all sorts, no matter what the exhibition may be, whether it consist of the deepest tragedy or the liveliest comedy, or farce, pantomime or sentimental drama, not a word escapes the lips of the giddiest or most

ignorant of the audience; and every body seems to listen with equal attention to the declamation of Talma, the nonsense of Punch, or the wit of Molière. At your public libraries and subscription reading rooms, the same decorum is observed; and no person's studies are disturbed by the harangues of chattering politicians, such as you will find in every similar establishment of the English metropolis: and though, to be sure, there is no lack of conversation among your pedestrians in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and the Tuilleries, silence again prevails at your gaming tables; where, when the most excruciating feelings are depicted in the countenance of an unsuccessful speculator, if a *bête*, or a *diable* is sometimes heard in a low whisper, it is soon checked; and the lips of the ill-fated loser, however convulsed with agony, are not allowed to express the sentiments by which they are tortured.

Even at your balls the performers are too much occupied in recollecting the figures of the dance, and the company in examining their steps, to admit of much communication. It is difficult for the enamoured *cavalier* to find an opportunity of conveying a few words of admiration to his lovely partner, and scarcely a sound is heard in the festive hall, save and except the notes of the music, and the eternally repeated mandates of the ballèt-master, while he vociferates, "*Chassez à la droite, chassez à la gauche' La chaine Angloise,*" &c. &c. At your *restaurateurs* also I remark, to use the expression of one of your writers, "*que c'est une affaire bien sérieuse que le diner,*" and I daily see twenty or thirty persons deeply occupied in the discharges of this important duty, scattered about at detached tables, and swallowing their meat in impenetrable silence. On these occasions too, I observe, that though the voracious appetite of John Bull is the favourite theme of your satirists, and affords the subject of many a caricature now exhibited at his expense in your print-shops, I begin to suspect, from the examples constantly presented to my notice, that my friend John is by no means a greater feeder than his criticizing neighbour.

When I have no engagement, I usually dine at *Beauvillier's*, in the *Rue de Richelieu*, and while I take my solitary repast, I derive no little amusement in observing those who are seated near me. Among these I have frequently remarked a gentleman whom, from his black cravat, large whiskers, and enormous cocked hat, I take for an officer, and the ribband which he wears, for one of distinction. The individual in question usually takes his station at a table adjoining mine, so that I am necessarily the witness of all his proceedings. After carefully fixing his napkin in the button-hole of his coat, he commences the labours of the day, by swallowing an ample supply of raw oysters, (the eating of which is, I find, considered here as a great provocative of appetite.) With his oysters he consumes at least a pound of bread, and washes down the whole with a glass of Dantzic brandy. He then calls for "*La Carte,*" and, after having examined its long contents with due deliberation, he gives his written orders on a slip of paper to the waiter to prevent the possibility of a mistake. While these orders are executing he seems to experience no trifling degree of impatience, at least I conclude so, from the eager look with which his eyes are directed almost every minute on the elegant clock on the chimney-piece, besides several similar appeals to his watch. At length a basin of rich soup is placed before him, and by its side a bottle of champagne *de la premiere qualité*, in a silver ice-pail. Having first taken his soup, and then three or four glasses of his favourite beverage, he commands the attendance of the *garçon*, who soon appears with the *entrée*. The following dishes then succeed each other in proper order:—a large slice of *Bouilli à la piquante*—two *cotelettes à la minute*—*un fricandeau de veau aux épinards*—a roasted fowl, stuffed with truffles—various vegetables of different hues and kinds—a *vol-au-vent*—an *omelette*—an apricot tart, a *soufflé*, and a plate of pine-apple jelly. This abstemious dinner is followed by a dessert of equal moderation, consisting of *fromage de gruyère*, grapes, pears, apples, comfits, chesnuts,

dried cherries, *brioche*s, cakes, and preserves. Nor are these various articles brought forward only to be tasted. My gallant neighbour is determined not to lose any part of the good things set before him. After eating the principal contents of each dish, he secures the remainder, by dipping a piece of bread in the sauce or juice, which bread, when properly saturated, is swallowed in its turn. The intervals, which occur between the appearance of the different *entrées*, are filled up with copious draughts of the sparkling champagne, and when all the eatables are at last consumed, and the bottle exhausted to the last drop, he asks for a *café*, or coffee, which is sweetened by at least six lumps of refined sugar, and followed by a glass of the richest *liqueur*. He then demands *la carte pryante*,—settles his account, gives a few *sous* to *le garçon*, detaches his napkin, resumes his fierce cocked hat, bows *en passant* with becoming gallantry to the pretty bar-maid, and marches out of the room, apparently well satisfied with the manner in which he has thus discharged one of the most agreeable parts of his daily avocations.

This is a simple and unexaggerated account, not only of the mode in which this person usually dines, but of the luxury and indulgence of which I con-

stantly see several others of your countrymen take a similar meal.

Now, without pretending to deny that we have many persons in London equally fond of good eating, I must take the liberty of saying, that you will find it difficult to meet with an example of similar selfish gratification—something of sociability enters into the calculations of our most decided Epicureans—and I should suspect that even a certain alderman (whose jollity is proverbial) would not relish his tureen of turtle, or his haunch of venison, if not shared and enlivened by the company of some brother *bon vivant*.

Go into our most fashionable coffee houses, and you will see that our young men of rank and fashion, when they dine alone, are not only satisfied with much simpler fare than that which your Parisians of a corresponding class require, but also that the quantity of food commonly consumed by the former is infinitely less.

As I have yet seen but little of private society, I shall reserve my observations on that head till I have had better opportunities of examining your manners. In the mean time I hope often to hear from you, and depend on your imitating my example, in speaking freely of all which draws your attention. Adieu, and be assured of my constant regard, C. DARNLEY.

Stephensiana, No. XX.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, &c.

DAPHNE AND BRIGHTON.

ANTIOCH, the once flourishing and populous metropolis of Asia-Minor, and of the extensive kingdom of Antiochia, had a seat of luxury and pleasure for its inhabitants, in a small town on the sea-coast, called *Daphne*. The warm constitutions of Asiatics rendered *Daphne*, however, a seat of vice and criminal indulgence, and the place is never mentioned by writers of antiquity except with reprobation. Perhaps its original uses were abused; for nothing can be more reasonable than that the inhabitants of a great city should seek change of scene and occasional relaxations from the pursuits of

ambition, wealth, and commerce. The changes in the fortunes of nations has now, however, reduced Antioch to an inconsiderable town, and extinguished *Daphne*. Both have fallen victims to the barbarous policy of the Turkish government, under which millions languish, that few may enjoy overgrown wealth,—the short-sighted egotism of whom separates their supposed interests from those of the community. Brighton is the *Daphne* of London, without its vices.

FISHERY AT GRAVESEND.

In 1714, only three British fishing-smacks, of about forty tons each, were employed in the cod-fishery, and about

twenty-one hands. The Dutch not being permitted to bring cod to Billingsgate market, they increased to twenty sail in 1735; and in the course of a few years more, they amounted to 120 sail, of from fifty to sixty and seventy tons, valued at 100,000*l.* employing 1200 men, with 500 apprentices, for the supply of the London market alone. In 1789, the smacks increased to 150, eighteen of which belonged exclusively to Gravesend; and indeed, as the fresh water would kill their fish, none proceeded higher up than Gravesend. In 1809 the number exceeded 200 sail, with a proportionate increase of tonnage. Cod and ling are found in the deep water of Doggerbank, while a smaller cod and haddocks are caught on the well-bank, where the water is shallower. The vessels are provided with wells; and on taking the fish from them, they are knocked on the head, and killed by truncheons.

OFFICERS OF THE GUARDS.

Lord North was considered as a great man in the opinion of many; but can we coincide with him, as a wise and profound speculator, when he declared once in the House of Commons, speaking of the officers of the guards, that "they had nothing to do but walk in the Park, kiss the nursery-maids, and drink the children's milk."

FANATICS.

Richard Brothers, the prophet; and Wright and Bryan, two fanatics; the former a carpenter at Leeds, the latter a journeyman copper-plate printer, in 1780 repaired to Avignon, in order to form a society of prophets: these men became the friends and coadjutors of Richard Brothers. One of them, however, had doubts, and he went to see Brothers prepared with a knife; so that, if any doubts of his apostolic mission should arise, he might deliver such a message from the Lord as Eliud carried to King Eglon. The new King of the Hebrews had not so much as a single Jewish historian. Mr. Sharpe became one of his disciples, and beneath a well engraved portrait placed the following words:—"Fully believing this to be the man whom God hath appointed, I engrave his likeness. W. S."—Brothers wrote letters to the

King, and to all the members of both Houses of Parliament, announcing his intention of speedily setting out for Jerusalem. Some of his disciples actually shut up their shops, and many repaired to London to join him. Before his departure he was to prove the truth of his mission by a public miracle, and said he would throw down his stick in the Strand at noon-day, which like the wand of Moses, would be converted into a serpent. In a like strain he threatened London with an earthquake.

D'ALEMBERT.

This great philosopher made considerable advances in his researches into physiological learning. He had a reflecting mind, and, well weighing the analogy that prevails throughout nature, was led to remark, that as we are acquainted with phosphoric and electric animals, it is not improbable that future times may discover plants which, like the torpedo and gymnotus, shall electrify the intruder who dares to approach them. The Abbé Bertholon, and Dr. Ingenhouz were of the same opinion. As a portion of labour and attention appears now to be directed to investigating the interior of unexplored regions, this speculation though a most singular one, may eventually be found to be no misconception.

LORD ROSSLYN.

The difficulties of getting rid of a Scotch or Irish pronunciation are considerable; but examples are not wanting to stimulate those who are in pursuit of this object. There is now in London a gentleman, in a high office of the law, who did not leave Scotland till after he had been some years advanced in manhood; and yet, by receiving instruction for a few months only, according to the plan laid down by Sheridan, sen. he has conquered all the difficulties attached to inveterate habits. I allude to Lord Rosslyn, or Mr. Wedderburne, who was first solicitor and then attorney general, and afterwards lord high chancellor. His speech, at present, is not to be distinguished from that of the most polished natives of England, in point of pronunciation and of intonation. The instance of Lord Aylmoor, a lord of session at Edinburgh, was yet more extra-

ordinary, for only by conversing and reading with actors, and other Englishmen, without leaving Scotland, he arrived at a perfect accuracy of pronunciation.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON

Is a wonderful instance of good fortune, and is justly praised for his *bon-homme*. He was the pupil of Mr. Bray, the great conveyancer, who was the nephew of Matt. Duane, the great Roman Catholic conveyancer. Such was his assiduity and attention, that Mr. B. observed, "there are several of the young men in my office who possess equal and even greater talents than Scott, but none who have equal patience, or plod so much.—I therefore have great hopes of him."

Mr. Scott, however, had no great hopes of himself; for he despaired of rising in Westminster Hall, and actually conceived the idea of retiring into the country, and practising as a provincial lawyer. Accordingly, when the Recordership of Newcastle became vacant, he applied to Mr. Bray for his interest on this occasion. The latter assured him of his utmost efforts on his behalf, but recommended a longer trial. On a longer trial he succeeded. At that period he resided in Powis-place, near Great Ormond-street, in the immediate vicinity of his old master; dined every day at half past three, and at five regularly trudged down to chambers. As he constantly passed the door of Mr. Bray, the latter was accustomed to say to his wife (now Mrs. McEvoy,) "Remark what I say, my dear; you will live to see this young man Lord Chancellor of Great Britain!" a prophecy which was fulfilled in the course of a very few years.

The pride of wealth of the Surtees was wounded at the alliance; the country banker and his family disdained connexion with the son of a coal-fitter, and the grandson of a coal-skipper; but the young lawyer replied officially, by affixing his seal as Lord Chancellor to the docket that sanctioned the bankruptcy of the family.

MIDWIVES.

In Gray's Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, it is stated that "from 1728, during which time women were

almost exclusively employed as midwives, out of 759,122 deaths, 6,481 took place in child bed; while in eight years, from 1807 to 1814, when the apothecary men-midwives were as exclusively employed, out of 147,304 deaths, 1,404 were in child-bed."

VENTRILOQUISM—MR. MATTHEWS.

Mr. John Gough gave, in part 2, vol. v. of the Manchester Transactions, what he considers an investigation of ventriloquism; he who is master of this art, (says he,) has nothing to do but to place his mouth obliquely to the company, and dart his words, if I may use the expression, against an opposing object, whence they will be reflected immediately, so as to strike the ears of the audience from an unexpected quarter; in consequence of which the reflector will appear to be the speaker." p. 649. This explanation appears to us very deficient. There is a great deal more in it: it is not possible to have the tone reflected from a plain wall, to a given point, without its being a mere echo. Besides Mr. Matthews often performs, where no means for reflecting the voice can be present; and the author's doctrine cannot therefore apply. It should, however, be added, that the illusion is much helped by an audience, already prepared to be delighted and astonished, being previously informed by the artist where the sounds are to proceed from.

Ventriloquism appears to be a gift; for very few shine in this qualification. It might be made some good use of, in the opinion of Grimm, who laments that "this secret is not in the possession of a man of talents and judgment; of a philosopher, without any confidant whatever. What good might not such a man do! What revolutions might he not produce! How easily might he become, in critical moments, the terror of knaves; perhaps the salvation of his country."

Bayle thinks, that the *Engastri-mythes*, those who speak from their bellies, and who manage the air in their lungs in such a manner, that their voices seem to issue from a cellar or a garret, are extremely well qualified for the petty mysteries which took place in monasteries. By their help many

persons were made to believe that the dead suffer greatly in purgatory, and come and beseech their heirs to cause masses to be said for their repose.

Gille, a French ventriloquist, happened to walk with an old military man, who always assumed a stately air as he went along ; his discourse was ever about sieges and battles, and he himself was sure to be the hero of the campaign. Gille took it into his head to repress this inordinate vanity. Being arrived in a bye place, near the borders of a forest, our soldier imagined that he heard some one from the top of a tree cry out, " it is not every one that wears a sword knows how to make use of it." " Who is that impudent fellow ?" asked the son of Mars. " Probably," rejoined the other, " it is a shepherd bird's-nesting." " Come hither, then," exclaimed a voice, which now seemed to descend along the tree. " Come hither, if you be not afraid." " As for that," returned the soldier, with a most martial air, and setting himself in a posture of attack, " I shall soon make you easy." " What are you about then ?" cried Gille, taking him by the arm, " Do not you know that you will be made game of ?" " A bullying air is not always the sign of true courage," interrupted the voice ; which still ap-

peared to be sliding along the tree as before. " This is no shepherd," observed Gille. " But still I will chastise him for his impertinence," cried out the other, " Witness Hector flying before Achilles," cried out the voice immediately after : upon which the exasperated soldier plunged his sword with all his might into the bush at the bottom of the tree. A rabbit instantly started from it, and ran off with all its might. " Behold Hector," said Gille, " while you yourself are Achilles." The explanation then ensued.

TREBLE AND BASS.

Lord Mulgrave, who once went on an expedition to the North Pole, appears to have been distinguished by a singularity of physical conformation,—possessing two distinct voices ; the one strong and hoarse ; the other shrill and querulous ; of both of which organs he occasionally availed himself. So extraordinary a circumstance, probably, gave rise to a story of his having fallen into a ditch in a dark night ; and, calling for aid in his shrill voice, a countryman coming up, was about to have assisted him : but Lord Mulgrave addressing him in a hoarse tone, the peasant immediately exclaimed, " Oh, if there are two of you in the ditch, you may help each other out of it."

THE SILENT RIVER : A DRAMATIC SKETCH.*

The Interior of CALEB'S Cottage.

CALEB—RAYLAND.

Rayland. Gone hence this half hour, say'st thou ?
Tell me, friend,
Could'st thou not overtake him ?—'Tis of moment
What I would say.

Caleb. He must pass up the river
To where his road runs o'er it, for the floods
Have left the moor too moist in that direction
To be with ease attempted. If I make
My way across, I shall be soon enough,
For he has many windings, and the stream
Is strong against him.

Rayland. Hasten, then,—your pains
Shall not in vain be used. And, lest he feel
Unwilling to return (*writing on a leaf of his pocket-*
book) deliver this.

Mary (*singing without, in a melancholy tone.*)
" So under the wave, and under the wave,
Beneath the old willow tree,
With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave,
Shall my false love find me."

Rayland. That is a moving voice !

Caleb. It is Lake's wife.

'Tis their first parting, and she feels it sorely,
Though for so short a time.

Rayland. Pray send her here ;
I'll talk with her till he returns. (*Stands meditating.*)

Rayland—Mary.

Rayland. So fair!
So delicate ! Lady (for such I'll call you)
I've heard that Luke, the fisherman, did wed
Something beyond himself, but 'tis not possible
That thou art she !

Mary. O Sir, I thank the Heavens
You are as out in this as when you say
That Luke did wed beyond him. It was I
Who play'd the usurer in that bargain.

Rayland. Well—
But yet, methinks, more fondly said than truly.
Forgive me, pretty friend, nor think I ask
Aught without plenteous reason. By what means
Hath he maintain'd thee for these many months ?
Mary. It was but now you named his toilsome trade

* Concluded from p. 122.

Rayl. 'Tis a bleak place to yield subsistence.

Mary. Yes;

But Luke was labouring for his wife, and then
Even the deserts and the floods grew kind.

Rayl. (after a pause.) You said he ne'er was suc-
cour'd at the hands

Whence Nature should have wrung as much—I mean
His father's?

Mary. Sir, I pray you pardon me;
I said not so.

Rayl. But, ne'ertheless, 'tis true:
And thou who art so tender of that father
Wert driven from his mansion destitute.
Thou seest that I know much.—Now, then, confess
How oft distress hath made him curse that father
For much of his forlorn existence, which,
With other usage, had not ask'd repentance.

Mary. You question strangely, sir; but since it takes
No leave of truth to answer proudly—Never.
No babe e'er saw the world, no saint hath left it,
With less to answer than my loving Luke.
He never mentioned his relentless father
Without becoming reverence; and then
I've heard him sigh to think how bitterly
The mem'ry of an unoffending son,
Left from his infancy to all the ills
Of unprotected poverty, would hang
Upon that father's death-bed. I have said
Too much, but 'twas to shield him from reproach.

Rayland. No; not a jot too much. 'Tis a hard life,
Your husband's—and laborious by night
As well as day?

Mary. Oh, often I have watch'd
Till the grey dawn hath peep'd into my lattice,
And found me lonely still.

Rayland. But now 'tis summer;
And, as I think, his work by night is only
For the wild winter-fowl. It must belong
Since you watch'd last?

Mary. No longer than last night:
But then he went to see a dying friend,
And brought back that which smooths his nights
hereafter.

Rayland (apart.) 'Tis even so! Despair hath
driven him

To gain by rapine what more guiltily
I did deny him. Poor, unhappy son!
How must thy heart have writhed to do this crime!
It is in pity to thyself, not me,
That heaven hath set it down thy first, and chance
Directed thee towards a prize, already
Meant as an earnest of thy father's love.
God, how prophetic didst thou make my conscience!
Soon as his trembling hand was on my rein,
And I beheld, then for the first sad time,
That pallid countenance in its agony,
I bound myself, as if the deed were mine,
To keep the fearful secret; for I felt
I could expect no otherwise to meet him.
And here's the faithful mate of all his sorrows
Excepting one;—one she must never know,
To elog the tongue which loves to speak his praise.
(aloud) Most fair—most worthy of all love and bliss
Say, if Lord Rayland came with penitence
To seek the long neglected Luke, and raise
The lowly peasant to the peer's proud son,
Could'st thou forget thy days of lamentation—
Forgive the hand which would not snatch thee from
them?

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Mary. Lord Rayland!

Rayland. (embracing her.) And thy father.

Mary (sinking at his feet.) Oh, my lord:
I have prayed heaven to let me see you once!

Rayland. Once, and for ever! And I give thee
thanks

That thou'rt too mild to bow with thy reproach
One who already trembles with remorse.
But sort me not with those with whom the wrench
Of Nature's links is pastime. Years were gone
Before I knew my blood was in the veins
Of any but the sons beneath my eye:
And then 'twixt justice and thy husband stood
A haughty woman, jealous of her own.
O'eruled in part, I yet commission'd one,
Who proved unworthy of his trust to make
Such poor amends as could by gold be compassed,
For absence of parental countenance.
Oh, it was wrong! and I have paid it deeply!
It hath brought down misfortune in such weight
As might almost be look'd on for atonement.
Amongst the rest, my wife is dead, my children
Or dead, or worse in disregarded duty.
My home is solitary but for thee
And him thou lov'st.

Mary. And who will over-pay
In all a son should be, whatever grief
May elsewhere have befallen thee. My lord,
You come to bring us wealth, and ne'er can know
The half of that son's worth. You should have come
In want, in sickness, and in sorrow too:
Then you had seen how his elastic arms
Had labour'd for your comfort. Then you had felt
How much too tender is that manly heart
To hoard the memory of suffer'd ills.

(Caleb rushes in in great horror.)

Rayland. What is it, man? speak out.

Mary. God's mercy, Caleb,
Why is your look so dreadful? Nought of him?
Nought of my husband?

Rayland. He is dumb with fear!

Caleb. Would I were so for ever!

Mary. Thou hast something
Of matchless horror to relate! My husband!
Oh, quickly speak,—my husband!

Caleb. Did you mark
No strangeness in his manner when you parted?

Mary. No—nothing—yes—Oh, God! I charge
thee speak!

Rayland. Speak out, I tell thee, peasant! I'm his
father.

Thou sure canst tell what I can stand to hear.

Caleb. I used my utmost speed, but the deep fen
Clung to my feet and pluck'd me back, as though
It were in league with that most damned whirlpool.

(They stand motionless.)

My heart misgave me, whilst I struggled on.
I thought of his last look, and labour'd harder,
And came within a stone's throw of the bank.
The stream had nothing to oppose its course,
And glides in deadly silence. Then I heard
The name of "Mary," and a plunge, and then
A suffocating gasp—I heard no more;
But dashing through the rushes which conceal'd
The drowning man, beheld a quivering arm
Just vanish in the greedy whirlpool's gorge!

Mary. But—but—thou sayst—I know—I see thou
say'st

It was not he—my husband—God! O, God!

(She falls into the arms of Rayland.)

Rayland. Thou loitering slave! what need so many words?

Thou'dst have me think it was indeed my son.

Caleb. A boat had drifted to the shore—'twas Luke's—

I leap'd into't, and shouted loud for help.

Which, haply, was at hand. Alas, alas!

None ever rose and none hath e'er been raised,

Alive or dead, from that dark place! I left

My breathless friends lamenting on the bank—

Their toil was fruitless.

Rayland. Awful, heavy wrath!

But it is just—O, my devoted son,

Sharp misery ne'er wrung a tear from thee

So burning as the one which thou thyself

Hast call'd up from thy father's heart!—But how—

But how canst thou be sure it was my son?

Caleb. I saw him yesteday wrought to a pitch Beyond his custom of impatient grief.

'Twas one of many blank successful days,

And he talk'd madly of his wife and famine.

I left him late upon the moor—this morn,

As I return'd from Willow Mead, I found him

In strange disorder at his cottage door.

He told me he had slept; his wife just now

Assured me that he was not home all night,

And, when he came, he brought a purse of gold.—

My Lord, I'm sure you best know how he got it.

Rayland. Well, well—thou'dst not betray him— would'st thou, man!

Caleb. Not I indeed, my lord. Fear, shame and anguish,

At what despair and his necessity

Had done, no doubt, hath caused this dreadful end.

Rayland. (after some ineffectual attempts to speak)

Hast thou a bed to lay this innocent on?

Caleb. Within, my lord:—my wife does love her well, And will watch by her tenderly.

[*Rayland supports her out slowly and in great agitation. Caleb, having endeavoured to preserve his firmness, throws himself into a chair, and bursts into tears.*]

Poor Luke!

This is the saddest way he could have left us,

Rayland. (returning and looking earnestly at him.)

Good peasant, thou, on whom he had no claim

Of kindness, wert the only one of all

Who used him kindly.—Where's that cruel gold?

Caleb. My lord, she gave it in my charge just when You entered.—It is here (raising it from the table.)

Rayland. Let me look on it—

Away with it, in mercy.—You are poor,

And my son leaves it to his only friend.

But mark me, as thou hopest that it will buy

Prosperity, be choicer of his secret

Than of thy life.—Now lead me where he lies—

'Tis just, most just—I came not at his need,

And angry Heaven hath snatch'd him up from mine.

Biography

OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS LATELY DECEASED.

(Monthly Magazine, October.)

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

DIED, at Slough, aged 87, *Sir William Herschel*, L. L. D. F. R. S. knight of the Guelphic order of Hanover; but far more distinguished for his discoveries, and his profound views and writings in astronomy, and in other branches of natural philosophy. He was born in Hanover in 1738, and was the second of four sons, all of whom were brought up to their father's profession, as musicians. Finding, however, in his son William an inquisitive mind beyond what appeared in the other sons, he gave him the advantage of a French master. Luckily the tutor's favourite study was metaphysics; and, from this worthy man, Herschel acquired an introductory knowledge of logic, ethics, &c. In 1759, he left his native country and repaired to London, whither his father and himself accompanied some Hanoverian troops, as part of their military band. With these the father returned, leaving young Herschel to try his fortunes in England,

who first engaged himself as a hautboy player in the band of the county of Durham militia. He afterwards obtained the situation of organist at Halifax, in Yorkshire, principally through the recommendation of the late Joab Bates, esq. son of the then parish-clerk of Halifax. There he taught music, and employed his leisure hours in learning the English, Italian, and Latin languages, and in obtaining an insight into the elements of mathematics and natural philosophy. The theory of harmony engaged his attention, and he made himself master of Dr. Smith's *Harmonies*. He then resolved on the regular study of mathematics, and proceeded through Newton's *Principia*. Other sciences now became easy to him. He then went to Italy, where he staid so long that his money was exhausted, and he found himself without funds sufficient to carry him to England. He surmounted this difficulty by a benefit concert at Genoa, which he was able to do by the friendship of

Langlé, a Frenchman. In 1766, Sir William removed with his brother to Bath, where they were engaged for the pump-room band by the late Mr. Lindley. Sir William was, like his nephew Griesbach, esteemed an excellent performer on the oboe, as his brother was on the violoncello. His musical pursuits found him great employment; yet he saved time for the study of the mathematics, and now particularly directed his pursuits to optics and astronomy. The pleasure which he experienced from viewing the stars through a Gregorian telescope of two feet, made him desirous of possessing a collection of astronomical instruments, but the cost was an insurmountable obstacle. He therefore determined to endeavour to make a telescope himself, and he accordingly commenced the undertaking. After much labour and many failures he succeeded; and, in 1774, had the inexpressible pleasure of viewing the stars through a Newtonian reflector of five feet, of his own construction. Encouraged by this success, and by the pleasure of the pursuit, he afterwards proceeded to construct one of seven, and then of ten feet. He now devoted his nights to observations, and had the good fortune to remark that a star, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, had changed its position, and was progressively doing so. Prolonged attention to it enabled him to determine that it was an hitherto unobserved planet; and, having determined its rate of motion, its orbit, &c. he announced his interesting discovery to the world, which, in compliment to the King of England, he named the *Georgium Sidus*; but which astronomers call, in honour of the discoverer, *Herschel*. It has also been denominated, *Uranus*. This discovery was made in 1781, and was announced to the Royal Society, who decreed him their annual gold medal, and unanimously elected him a fellow. In the next year the King of England, gratified by the compliment paid him by his Hanoverian subject, took him under his protection. Herschel, therefore, quitted Bath with his instruments, and took up his residence at Slough, near Windsor, in a house provided for him by the king,

who appointed him his professor of astronomy, with a pension. He now found himself in a situation to bring his great design to bear, which was, to construct a telescope of forty feet. In this he at last succeeded; it was completed in 1789, and he then rendered an account of it to the Royal Society, who soon published it in their "Transactions." It has been generally supposed that Dr. H. discovered the planet Herschel by means of his great telescope, but it was made with his seven-foot telescope. In 1783 he announced a supposed discovery of a volcano in the moon; and in 1787, by continuing his observations, he detected two more in supposed eruption. In pursuing his observations on the planet Herschel, he found that it had two satellites. Herschel was now, by the University of Oxford, named a doctor of laws. He has since supplied the "Philosophical Transactions" with many elaborate and profound communications on the construction of the universe, on the systems of the fixed stars, on the nebulous stars, on light, and other philosophical subjects, the substance of which is to be found in all our elementary works of science. The enormous telescope, which for many years attracted the attention of travellers in the garden at Slough, and which procured for its constructor more celebrity among the vulgar than all his scientific discoveries, proved, however, but a mere sign-post of his art; for it was found that the great reflector was too heavy to retain a true figure, and few or no observations could in consequence be made with it, and those but for a short period. He, however, constructed other telescopes on a similar plan of fifteen and twenty foot length for various sovereigns and observatories, with considerable pecuniary advantage to himself; and he carried the principle of size in telescopes to the utmost extent which their materials admit. In all his labours, Dr. Herschel has been assisted by his sister. He was a man of a very social character, much politeness, and of a strong constitution.—Jointly with his sister, he has published, in a distinct form, "Catalogue of Stars, taken from Flamsted's Observations,

and not inserted in the British Catalogue, by William Herschel; to which is added a collection of Errata, that should be noticed in the same volume, by Caroline Herschel," 1798. Sir William Herschel was a fortunate man in length of days, which enabled him to mature his reputation and his discoveries; in royal patronage, which succoured his projects, and rescued him from the distress which too often attends the exertions of original genius; in great amenity of temper, in modesty, which is always the result of solid

attainments, and in that habitual industry which is characteristic of his nation: he was fortunate also in the co-operation of a sister, and in the harmony of his family in forwarding his pursuits; for he has left a son, now a distinguished member of the University of Cambridge, and justly regarded as one of the first mathematicians of his age, to whom we are indebted for several valuable productions; and, in concert with Mr. Peacock, for an improved translation of Lacroix's Elements of the Differential Calculus.

EUSTACE DE RIBAUMONT.

A BALLAD.

THE incident, on which the following ballad is founded, I met with in Froissart. The words spoken by Edward the Third, on giving the chaplet of pearls off his own head to Eustace de Ribaumont, after supper, on the day when the French knight was made prisoner, are almost a translation of those with which the historian records him to have accompanied the present. "Monseigneur Eustace, je vous donne ce chappelet, pour le mieux combattant de la journée de ceux de dedans et de

dehors; et vous prie que vous le portez cette anée pour l'amour de moi. Je sai bien que vous estes gay et amoureux, et que volentiers vous vous trouvez entres dames et damoiselles. Si dites par tout là ou vous irez que je le vous ai donné. Si vous quitte votre prison; et vous en pouvez partir demain, s'il vous plaist."

I have departed from history in making Edward present at the battle of Poitiers, in which Eustace was afterwards slain.

ON Poitiers fields the hosts are met,
Sharp were the spears that day;
And every one his sword has whet
As for a bloody fray.

Brightly each targe and burgonet
Was glancing in the sun;
And every knight thereto has set
His lady's favour on.

But who is he that foremost hurls
His javelin mid the foe?
Upon whose head that cap of pearls
Doth make a gallant show?

Yet fitter for the dance, I ween,
Or lover's serenade,
Than in the ranks of battle seen,
A cap with pearly braid.

That meed at English Edward's hand
The youthful warrior won,
The bravest he of Gallia's band,
Eustace de Ribaumont.

'Twas at a banquet after fight,
Where he was England's thrall,
That Eustace won those pearls so bright
In good King Edward's hall.

Twice, said the monarch, on my knee
Thou hadst me down to-day;
So good a knight I did not see
Amid your fair array.

Then, Eustace, take my cap of pearls,
Wear it for love of me;
Thou'rt gay, and toy'st with dames and girls;
Tell them I gave it thee.

I quit thee of thy prison straight,
So henceforth thou art free.
Sir Eustace rose; and at the gate
Right willing forth went he.

And now on Poitiers field again
He meets the English line,
And foremost on the battle plain
His ashen spear did shine.

When out there rush'd a sturdy knight,
And run a tilt at him;
In sable armour he was dight,
That clothed every limb.

Long time they strove with lance in hand;
And many a thrust did try;
The lances split; and then his brand
Each loosen'd from his thigh.

So close they join, those pearls so bright,
That gleam'd on Eustace's brow,
In the black mail their balls of white,
As in a mirror, show.

But soon was changed that white to red;
For with a furious blow,
The sable warrior smote his head,
That fast the blood did flow.

King Edward from a neighb'ring height
Was looking on the fray :
And save, he cried, oh save the knight,
And bring him here straightway.

They brought him where King Edward stood
Upon the hillock nigh ;
They staunch awhile the streaming blood ;
And scant heaped his eye.

Edward, said he, behold the braid
Thou gavest erewhile to me.
For me it won the loveliest maid
That lived in Burgundy.

That maid for many a year I woo'd,
And she my love return'd ;
But still her sire the suit withstood,
Till praise in war was earn'd.

That praise, O King, thy hand bestowed,
To her the gift I bore ;

And when our wedding torches glow'd,
This wreath I proudly wore.

That thou another boon wouldst give,
I came to ask this day—
That thou, who gavest me then to live,
Wouldst take that life away.

Amid the fight I saw thee not,
But saw thy princely son ;
I knew him by his sable coat ;
From him I had the boon.

The words thou badest me say, I said,
Of all to her alone ;
She heard ; and how she smiled, sweet maid,
And kiss'd the pearls, each one :

I've worn them since for love of thee,
Now love I nought beside :
For she is in her grave, quoth he ;
Then grasp'd his hand, and died.

Varieties.

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

The first Théâtre Française is threatened with a great loss; Talma, its principal support, is likely to quit on the first of October. He has requested of government a pension for life of 15,000 francs (about 650*l.*) from the date of his retirement. The government will not enter into this engagement; and Talma, who notwithstanding his talents, is not rich, finds himself obliged to visit the provinces, and form some resources for his old age.

In one of Talma's turns in the departments, he played Oreste in the Iphigénie of Guinond de la Touche. During the third scene of the second act, he embraced Pylade, and all at once the audience broke out in the most violent laughter—he was astonished—one of the whiskers of Pylade, made of lampblack and size, had marked another on Talma's face, and to complete the fun, in the embrace the whiskers had become reversed. Talma was very angry with the whisker manufacturer and the actor, and insisted on having, immediately, another Pylade.

On another occasion, when at Bourdeaux, he received the following letter: "To the son of Melpomene—Sir, I have only six francs, and am without resources. I hear you are to honour this town with your *furious* presence, and that, at the very moment when I propose to put a period to my existence. I defer then my project, in admiration

of your talents, of which I am acquainted only by fame. I conjure you then to hasten your visit, that I may admire you and expire. Refuse not the last desires of a fellow creature, who being able to live but four days, has divided the sum which remains, as follows :

Four days' nourishment	3 francs.
Pit - - - - -	2 f. 10 sous.
Poison - - - - -	0 f. 10 „

Total - - - 6 francs.

PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

Talma, the French tragedian, has in his possession a portrait of Shakspeare, which he purchased of a broker in France, and he has determined on bringing it to England. The painting is in oil, upon a pannel of an oval form, which is inserted in the centre of a piece of wood that once formed the upper part of a pair of bellows; the lower part of which, together with the nozzle and leather, is lost. On each side of this piece of wood, and attached to the edge, is a pair of carved wings. Around the surface, close to the edge, and in one line, is rudely carved, in letters rather more than half an inch in length, the following verse—

"Who have we here,
Stuck on these bellows,
But the Prince of good fellows,
Willy Shakspeare."

Directly over the portrait are these lines also carved—

"O, base and coward luck,
To be so stuck." *Poins.*

And immediately under it are the following—

"Nay, but a godlike luck's to him assign'd,
Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the
wind." *Pistol.*

The above exclamation of Poins alludes, no doubt, to the insertion of the portrait into the wood that was used for so base and homely a purpose as that of blowing a fire; it is, however, wittily answered by Pistol. The portrait is said to bear a strong resemblance to the wood-cuts in the old folio editions of his works. It is in excellent preservation, and represents a man about thirty years of age, with auburn hair, gray eyes, a remarkably high forehead, mustachios, and a sharp-pointed beard: a florid complexion, and a fine expressive countenance, full of sweetness, "smiles, and affability."

MEDICAL REPORT.

That convalescence from croup requires the most solicitous attention, both from parent and physician, in order to obviate the immediate recurrence of this cruel disorder, has been painfully proved in the practice of the Reporter during the few preceding days. Of the last two cases that he has seen of croup, fairly and fully marked, the one was a beautiful child, that was in the morning under the immediate grasp of death, and in the evening apparently as well as it had ever been since birth.

Grandmamma (the good ladies that go under this name are too often the determined enemies, both to the physical and moral well-being of young people,) grandmamma had ordered the child in question something "comforting and supporting" in the shape of solid meat, of no inconsiderable quantity, just before bed-time: in the night the fearful noise and frightful struggle were again heard and witnessed; and death, on this second attempt, succeeded in the seizure of its victim at about the same period in the evening of the ensuing day that the "doctors" had been laughed at for their caution, and practically derided and opposed on the preceding.

In the second case, the recurrence of the croupal inflammation was plainly caused by an injudicious exposure to cold air. Here powerful measures are again promising success, but the fate of the patient will probably be determined long before the present paper is put to press.

A remarkable instance of aphonia has recently presented itself to the writer, which has been most successfully treated by galvanism, in combination with the nitras argenti. The subject was a young and amiable female, who had been deprived of her voice for nearly four months, and had taken steel, with other medicinals, without effect. In the course of three days from the commencement of the galvanism, and the drug just named, the voice began to return; and it has, at length, all its wonted clearness and energy. It is not, perhaps, very easy to apportion the due share of respective credit to the two remedial agents thus simultaneously tried in this interesting case; but the writer conceives, that the galvanic influence might, in many cases, be brought to bear with more decided and permanent efficacy, by combining its exhibition with a

substance, which we know is not only powerful, but often permanent in its effects. It is a remarkable fact, that the perception of a metallic impregnation of the frame from a particular taste is the same from galvanism as from the nitrate of silver. It ought to be mentioned, that Mr. La Beaume was the galvanic operator in the instance now referred to.

A very interesting experiment has been made of steam-vessels on canals, in the Union Canal at Edinburgh, with a large boat, twenty-eight feet long, constructed with an internal movement. The boat had twenty-six persons on board; and, although drawing fifteen inches of water, she was propelled by only four men at the rate of between four and five miles an hour, while the agitation of the water was confined entirely to the centre of the canal.

The following curious particulars are elicited by the late population reports:—

<i>Men, 100 years, and upwards.</i>	
in England - - - - -	57
Wales - - - - -	3
Scotland - - - - -	40

Total - - - 100

<i>Women, 100 years, and upwards.</i>	
In England - - - - -	111
Wales - - - - -	18
Scotland - - - - -	63

Total - - - 191

POISONOUS DOSE OF OPIUM.

At a late meeting of the London Medical Society, Mr. Wray, an eminent surgeon of London, related some instances of individuals, whom he had roused from a state of stupor (occasioned by swallowing large doses of tincture of opium) by dashing, suddenly and repeatedly, on their heads, basons-full of cold water. The effects, in all the cases, were very remarkable: the stupor was so completely removed, that the patients were able to swallow emetic draughts, which succeeded in emptying the stomachs, and in obviating any bad consequences.

INVASION OF MICE.

The department of the Lower Rhine has been visited for these four months with plagues which have filled the inhabitants with consternation, and reduced them to a deplorable condition. The mice have everywhere committed deplorable ravages, especially in the districts of Strasburg and Sabern. These noxious animals have so multiplied, that in the canton of Sabern 1,570,000 were caught in a fortnight, and probably an equal number have perished in their holes. Several Communes have not even reaped corn enough to afford seed for the next harvest. The mice now threaten the potatoes, which are the last resource of the farmer. What the mice spared was destroyed by hail. On the 23d of June there was a most dreadful hail-storm in Strasburg and its environs, especially in the Communes of Marlenheim and Düppigheim, where the

crops were totally destroyed: the damage is estimated at 500,000 francs. The loss which the department has suffered by these calamities is estimated at no less a sum than 12,000,000 francs.

[*A second Whittington and his Cat have been recommended to repel this invasion.*]

NEW WORKS.

Athaliah, a Tragedy, founded upon 2 Kings xi. and 2 Chronicles xxiii.; translated.

Tables of Logarithms of all Numbers, from 1 to 101000, and of the Sines and Tangents to every Second of the Quadrant; by Michael Taylor: with a Preface and Precepts for the explanation and use of the same, by Nevil Maskelyne, F.R.S. Astronomer Royal.

The Uncles, or Selfishness and Liberality; by Zara Wentworth.

Part I. commencing Vol. VIII. of the Journal of Modern Voyages and Travels: containing Muller's Travels in Greece and the Ionian Isles, and M. Saulnier's Account of the Zodiack of Denderah.

A tragedy, entitled Werner, or the Inheritance, by Lord Byron, is announced.

Viscount d'Arlincourt, the author of the Solitaire and the Renegat, is about to bless the world with another Romance; but it is to be of a different cast. This is to make the readers burst with laughter, as the Solitaire made them shed scalding tears.

YELLOW FEVER.

Brief Analysis of the Report presented to the Minister of Interior, by the French Medical Commission sent to Barcelona.

In general, according to the concentrated view which these physicians give of the contagion, it is no other than the yellow fever; as such, they have always considered it, though they may not declare this positively. They maintain that the malady did not take its rise in Barcelona, that it did not originate in the filthiness of the streets, or the unhealthful condition of the harbour; that, during their residence, they could never trace any infectious scent; that in the streets the best aired and kept the cleanest, the disorder raged the most; and that 300 fishermen lodged in the most unhealthy quarter of the city, had escaped the dreadful scourge, merely from living in seclusion. In short, they represent Barcelona, where the plague first made its appearance, as one of the most healthy places they have known.

According to the physicians, the contagion was brought over in vessels from the Havannah. Among other instances, they refer to one called the Grand Turk, the captain of which having brought his family on-board for a day or two, saw them all perish on their return to Barcelonetta. In the Spanish polacre, Nuestra Senora del Carmen, a poor passenger taken on-board for charity, from Alicant, died the day after his landing at Barcelona. The French brig, the Josephine, from intercourse with other vessels in the road, was so infected as to endanger the lives of the second captain, the lieutenant and the sailors, and it

became necessary to place the vessel in quarantine.

Hereupon, the local authorities gave orders for removing the sick into lazarettos, and for removing some suspected ships to a distance, and for sinking others, but this order the people refused to obey. At one time they carried away, by violence, some sick men that the soldiers were conveying to the lazarettos. The plague then continued its ravages, till the officers of government, and half of the inhabitants, were obliged to flee. During 100 days, from the last week in August to the 2d of December, of 70,000 inhabitants that remained, one-third had caught the fever, and 1700 died. Children of tender age, women, persons in easy circumstances, those subject to excessive perspiration, or such as had been infected before, suffered the least, but these exceptions were not absolute, especially in the last case.

The French physicians, in tracing the contagion from street to street, and from house to house, found the slightest communication frequently sufficient to transmit the infection. All the sequestered places, as the citadel, the prisons, &c. were secure. The malady is considered to be transmissible, by contact, either with persons or with household goods, merchandize, &c. and at short distances, by the air that environs the objects of infection.

M. Rochoux, a member of the same medical commission, (sent into Spain by the French government,) has not concurred with the testimony of his colleagues, in their researches to detect and explain the contagion; but, though he separated from them, his attention was no less engaged in the speculation. The facts, experiments, and arguments, which he collected, he has presented to the public, in a "Dissertation on the Yellow Typhus."

He allows it to be of a contagious nature; a deleterious principle, readily transmissible by contact with individuals, or articles of clothing and merchandise. He also recommends insulation, and considers it as a preservative, but differs from his associates on two essential points, the nature and the origin of the malady. He insists that it is not the yellow fever of the West Indies, but a species of typhus, analogous to that which often breaks out in prisons and hospitals. He calls it the yellow fever, being, like other descriptions of typhus, a local malady not brought to Barcelona, but formed and propagated there by a train of circumstances.

M. Rochoux endeavours to shew, that the contagion appeared first in the shipping, and thence spread into the city and Barcelonetta, with more or less malignity, as the distance was greater, or otherwise, from the point of departure. He denies that it was imported from the Havannah, alleges that it is unknown in the island of Cuba, and that it was known in Europe prior to the discovery of America; in favour of this opinion, he quotes Hippocrates.

To the above he adds, as facts, that the symptoms of this disease have been well marked and related, as produced at Barcelona, in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries.

The causes of the contagion the doctor

discovers in the unhealthful condition of the port; and he points out the connexion between the disease, and the great number of vessels crowded together, in circumstances found to be dangerous in hot seasons.

NEW-YEAR ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF THE ATHENEUM.

'TIS needless, gentle Patrons, I should tell
What other carrying bards recount so well;
And skim the cream of all the last year's news,
Your scandal-loving palates to amuse.
Full well ye know, when English bull-dogs growl,
We, New-world terriers, answer with a howl;
And mutual snarls the harmless strife prolong,
While neither yields, for both are in the wrong.
Ye know, (or ought) how proud anticipation
Makes us, at once, a vast and learned nation,
Yet while we joy our *coming* fame to view,
We feel our Country's shame is *Cumming* too;
And raise a pious outcry through the land,
Till fighters, if they fight or not, are bann'd.
Here too, where doom'd our wicked ways to mend,
We sinners in the *County jail* are penn'd,
All trades and sexes, squires and knights of soot,
Parsons and rogues in one wide prison strut;
And none can know the wretch whose unpaid bill
Limits his steps to one dull circle still.
Here too, each gossip tale is known so well,
'Twere vain for me perchance in rhyme to tell
How dire commotions shook our hapless town,
Till—presto! pass! at once a city grown,
Great changes met our eye at every turn,
And every tongue was twirl'd new terms to learn.
Straight CITY SHOE STORES tempt each unshod belle,
CITY WEST INDIA GOODS are sure to sell;
And city marketing each taste must hit,
While every raggamuffin is a cit.
Each in his city's grandeur takes delight,
And towns and townspeople are vulgar quite.
But ah! how delicate an infant's frame!
Scarce can our new born city boast its name,
When fierce convulsions seize the darling child,
And *O 'tis Quincy* struck! its wits run wild.
What strange prescription cur'd? Nor cream nor curd;
With hearty *Fillips* we the child restor'd.

What themes for satire in the south arise,
Where on a quadruped all fix their eyes;
As when the tyrant bade his steed advance,
And Rome beheld her *consul* neigh and prance.
"Wreaths for the chieftain" let each jockey cry,
But give, oh give him oats enough, say I.

These themes are old; each reader looks for *change*,
And so, alas! do I. For this I range
From street to street, defying every blast
Wishing a New-Year happier than the last.
Add fuel, Patron, to the kindly glow,
A kindred flame my grateful heart shall know.
I've help'd along some cloudy days of thine,
And now 'twill do no harm to brighten mine.
One splendid Athenæum Pearl-street boasts,
Rich in the lore of other days and coasts;
A little one I humbly, duly bring,
No stately pile—a chaplet of the spring;
And this I lay at wealth and beauty's door,
And could not, dare not ask or think of more,
Did not some spirit bid me stay and see,
What New-year present Beauty has for me.

Boston, January 1, 1823.